

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

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### BRAVELY AND WITH CONFIDENCE

It is wonderful to see how large and important a part fear plays in human affairs. The lives of famous sufferers reveal the working of strange apprehensions of impending danger. Cowper's case was typical of many which have never found biographers. Some have trembled for years under the dominion of ghostly terrors which had no foundation in fact. The fear of death still haunts many of us; though we have it on credible medical testimony that men and women in articulo mortis are very rarely conscious of severe pain or troubled about their earthly departure. As for the mere mode of dying, does it much matter? Some would cheerfully prefer that a bomb should launch them into eternity with a good clean death rather than linger long in the living grave of confirmed invalidism, worn and wasted by disease. Yet even here there is room for calm submission to the inevitable. It is a great thing to accept the allotted portion of mortality, not repining, nor slavishly brooding over the impending day and hour.

### TEACHING US

This war is teaching us, among other lessons, that not the close but the trend of life is of moment. Our brave sons and brothers are facing fearful odds for altar and home and country. Do they shrink from pain and danger? Their supports are real, though not easily defined in terms of the schools. The cause of freedom is sacred to them, and worth even a life's sacrifice. The least we can do—we who are protected by their courage—is to emulate their confidence and hearten, instead of undermine, the assurance of the weak brethren around. When we try to analyze the mental phenomena that lay certain types of people open to this weakness, we have to conclude that sheer ignorance, or at least a very jumbled and contracted experience, usually forms its ground-work.

### STEADY

An incapacity to measure occurrences by a suitable standard, to compare less and greater injuries—as the few hundreds of Zeppelin casualties with the losses of a single regiment in action, or the small percentage of submarine successes with the weekly return of outgoing and incoming vessels—afflicts some natures; while others are at the mercy of every wild rumor that assails them in the street, the public house or a sensational press. Like many of their foregoers, they suffer from a chronic inability to think clearly, reason soundly, and rely upon the constancy of the great laws that control the happenings of the ongoing world. Crude and credulous followers of the false god Chance too many are. They attempt life's voyage unprovided with chart, compass or sextant. They scan the horizon anxiously and hail any passing ship that may give them warning or cheer at second-hand. Yet we would not seem to be untypical in our judgments of these unreflecting folk, who are the easy prey of quacks in every department of affairs. Temperament, generally an ancestral bequest, is a potent factor in our personal outfit. Even "great wits are oft to madness near allied." What, then, are ordinary ones capable of under severe strain and stress? How long and moving is the catalogue of morbid and melancholic children of genius. The Great Frederick, the Kaiser's idol, carried poison about with him for years. His biographer, Carlyle, was often down in the dumps as his discerning readers well know. True, he was fond of scourging pessimists, but that was often a sort of whistling to keep up his own spirits. Napoleon and Grant, brave soldiers and clever strategists, were often in the pit of despair. Sages and poets have been darkly shadowed, like the ancient mariner, to their grief and hurt. In a most affecting passage one of these, as a boy, tells his

mother that a nameless fear is on him, "Mine is a dread of I know not what, and there the horror lies."

### THE GOAL

Surely the pitying love that wrapped the boy round in childhood and endured to the end is the type of the mysterious Providence that overarches our human lot. When education has achieved its noblest work, planting the seeds of a never-failing trust in the heart of the young; when the scramble for prizes and the trampling down of the weak by the strong give place to a reasoned and inspired social theory, guarded by statute but also written in men's hearts, preached and practised as the gospel of the world's highest need; when manhood and womanhood join in the great crusade for the happiness that lives and grows in purity and peace, panic will be only a sad memory. Fear is but a name for torment. Where love has made its home, suspicion cannot abide. The war-wasted earth, soaked with the blood of contending hosts, waits for that glad day.

### OUR DUTY

How confident multitudes of comfortable folk are now that they see through the flimsy veil of the "conscientious objector's" case against military service. But do they respond to their country's claim in certain other ways? Are we all moral consciences in this supreme crisis? Can we shirk the plain obligation to offer all that we have and are on the altar of glad consecration? If we are keeping back part of the price of a real patriotism to indulge private appetite or taste, how can we play the Pharisee when fanatics or weaklings plead exemption at the bar of public opinion? Conscience should be sacred to us, and its education should be our chief concern. Too many keep it only half informed as to the duties of the hour. Bigots drill their conscience into mechanical subjection to some unreasoned rule. Lovers of their own selves drug the inward monitor, lest it should hamper their conduct in matters of indulgent choice or convenience. So by reflex action it becomes an echo of their self-will, ceasing to trouble them by remonstrance even when evil presents itself as good and danger overhangs the path of passion or pride. It is the very mystery of iniquity that a people or a nation that is bound up with injustice may persuade itself that wrong is, first, expedient and then wholly right.

It was Goethe who advised his readers to accustom themselves to "taking their happiness piecemeal." It was sound counsel. Exorbitant appetite is its own punishment, in greater matters as in lesser ones. There are indeed inspired moments which exalt those who lay themselves out for them into an enchanted state wherein shapes and sounds take on a celestial pattern; but these are apt to leave behind them a sense of the dullness of the common round. Who has not sighed over the reaction from youth's exuberant joy to the sober realities of later life?

### BEAUTY AND GLADNESS

It is not easy to let go the early vision of earth "apparelled in celestial light," to enter a world of hard fact and adjust our views and expectations to its insistent demands. "Where is it now, the glory and the dream?" we ask as the doors of custom close upon us. We have now to take up our new standard, but those first affections were not misleading. They were the illuminated primers that introduced us to the sphere of ideals—"the fountain light of all our day, a master light of all our seeing." When we become tremblingly alive to the sources and occasions of joy we shall wonder not at the sparse distribution of happiness, but rather at its abundance and adaptation to human needs. There is no street so devoid of passing interest as to leave a healthy mind unvisited by kindly thoughts and sympathies. There is no country lane so sterile as not to offer objects of contemplation to eyes which are made sensitive to the charm of natural beauty and resource. Even for those who are denied the full preparation of brain

and heart which makes of earth and sky and sea a resplendent revelation, there are not wanting simpler sensations—pleasurable glimpses of common traits—an unexpected scrap of attention, of remembrance, a snatch of song, or a child's delight in some trivial find, will often furnish cheerful excitement to a worn and weary nature, that rarely wanders far from one of the "mean streets" of the crowded city.

### THE GROWING TOLL OF WAR

Some notion of present methods of warfare may be gathered from the statement made recently by German officers that as many as 90,000 shells an hour have been fired against their line by the Allies on the Somme front alone. They declare, moreover, that a conservative estimate of the number of shells discharged by the Entente on the same comparatively short line is not less than 1,000,000 in 24 hours. The frightfulness of the picture is beyond imagining, but it grows in gruesomeness, when one reflects that each single shell is freighted both with the hope of tearing open some loving human heart, and with the reasonable expectation that it will at least break down defenses and open the way to burying a bayonet in some throbbing human body.

At the beginning of the war, tales of carnage had their natural effect and filled readers with speechless horror. Rivers of blood have flowed since then, men have died by hundreds of thousands; and neutrals, the world over, have grown accustomed to the thought of corpses of men lying stark and stark with upturned faces, mangled beyond the semblance of human beings. Two years of fighting have made the nations of Europe masters of the science of taking life.

A thrill of joy lately ran through France when the Minister of Munitions informed the nation that the "production of heavy shells was now 94% greater than it was in 1914." The output of high explosives was 50 times as large as a year ago, "but the amount required was only 12,000 as great at the beginning of the war." "There was now being produced in four days as much howitzer ammunition as was produced during the whole of last year. And so his exultant report runs on, piling horror on horror until the heart grows sick at the mere recital. What France is doing the other belligerents are doing, and the United States also is adding her large quota to the hateful missiles of death. Who would dare count up the number of heart-broken wives and mothers and children who must stand and read the lists of wounded and of dead before this bootless struggle has wrought out its foul destruction to the bitter end? Are we Catholics praying to the Lord of armies and to the Prince of Peace to stop the murderous cannon's mouth.—America.

### HISTORIC EVENT IN WALES

#### PALLIUM CONFERRED ON ARCH-BISHOP BILSBORROW, FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF CARDIFF

The ceremony of conferring the pallium on the Right Reverend Archbishop Bilsborrow, Metropolitan of Wales, which took place at St. David's Cathedral, Cardiff, recently, was unique in many ways. After Solemn High Mass, celebrated by the Archbishop of Birmingham, that prelate, delegated by the Sovereign Pontiff, conferred the pallium on and received the allegiance of the Most Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow, the first Archbishop of the new Welsh See of Cardiff, which is distinct entirely from the English Province with the Bishops of Clifton, Menavia and Plymouth were present in the sanctuary and the preacher was the Bishop of Northampton. There was a very large congregation, including the Mayor and town clerk of Cardiff, and leaders of the great Catholic families of Wales, Colonel Vaughan of Courtfield, Major General Sir Ivor Herbert, Mr. Herbert Corey and others. The Marquis of Bute, whose munificence has helped to make such a See possible, is away on active service.

The sermon was a striking utterance which has called forth wide attention. Bishop Keatinge spoke of the Celtic peoples, and pointed out that Wales had never nationally apostatized; she had only ceased to be Catholic when she was cut off from all Catholic worship by methods of "frightfulness" and the stringency of the religious blockade. A great deal of rubbish had been cleared away and Wales was now coming into her own again. Protestants had endeavored to show the creation of the new archbishopric was an aggression of the Roman Pontiff, coming as it did at the time of Welsh disestablishment, but it was merely the legitimate outcome of

that restoration of the hierarchy commenced as long ago as 1840.—St. Paul Bulletin.

### THE POPE AND THE PEACE CONGRESS

According to Rome, Count Roberto Corniani, an Italian liberal, well known for his historical, political and social writings, has published in the *Rassegna Sociale* an article on "The Pope and the Peace Congress," in which, among other things, he disposes of the objection that Italy has anything to fear from the Pope's participation in the Congress, and shows at the same time that Italy cannot afford to go on record as insisting on the Pope's exclusion. The Count does not write from a purely Catholic standpoint, and some of his arguments and expressions are not taken with certain reserve, not to say with disapproval. One point, however, in the eminent publicist's contribution to the *Rassegna* will meet with the approval not only of Catholics, but of all those who have at heart the interest of peace.

It has been said, so argues Count Corniani, that the Pope cannot be represented at a Congress of States which have subjects, armies, territories, and which represent civil and effective governments, since he has nothing of all that and his power is purely spiritual. His answer is that the Pope also possesses a sovereignty which, although of an altogether special nature, is recognized by non-Catholics as well as Catholics nations which have their representatives accredited to the Holy See. The Holy See, the publicist continues, does not possess armies or material forces, but it is precisely in this that would consist the importance of its participation in the Congress. For this a voice would be heard in the midst of its heated deliberations, which does not rely on the support of armies or navies or material forces of any kind and which has no program of territorial or commercial aggrandizement to forward, but is backed simply by a spiritual authority and the prestige which the Pope enjoys as the Head of the Faithful scattered throughout the world. This gives him an immense influence.

After expressing the hope that when the time comes for the Congress to convene, the Italian Prime Minister, whose name he does not fully grasp the supreme importance of the question of the intervention of the Pope, Count Corniani concludes with a striking statement which is summarized by Rome as follows: "The sublime and patriotic conduct of the Italian clergy during the Libyan war, and still more during the present war, the equally patriotic conduct of the Catholic laity, the reawakening of religious faith simultaneously with that of patriotic confidence, which has taken place in our army and in the country, would find a painful antithesis in the work of a Government which deprived the Head of Catholicism, the Roman Pontiff, of the power of exerting his peaceful work, from which nobody has anything to fear and from which Italy has much to hope. The Perseveranza has also treated the question of the Pope and the Congress in a very calm and friendly spirit.—America.

### RELICS OF THE TRUE CROSS

#### CHURCH COMING INTO HER OWN

Roman Correspondence of Philadelphia Standard and Times

That the Church is coming into her own in every country in Europe is no longer questioned; the grand movement for any of her enemies to call it into doubt. Let us see, reader, a few examples of high official circles and in lowly spheres.

From the gayest of capitals comes the first. Time was when the reopening of the courts in Paris was marked by the attendance of judges, barristers, attorneys and solicitors at the "Red Mass" in the "Holy Chapel" to invoke the blessing of heaven on the work of the judicial year. In parenthesis, it may be explained the Mass was called "red" because of the toga which the high magistrates wore. Nothing more impressive was to be seen in Paris than this function in that jewel of Gothic architecture dating from the thirteenth century and founded by St. Louis for the reception of the precious relics of the Passion which he had brought from the Holy Land at the time of the Crusades. As a rule, the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris celebrated on the occasion, and he profited by it to preach to his learned audiences on the norms of Christian justice.

#### THE RED MASS

But, unfortunately, the laws that drove the Crucifix from the tribunals had a forerunner in the abandonment of the "Red Mass" in the "Sainte Chapelle." In homage to free-thinkers, advocates little by little began to absent themselves from the traditional ceremony. From the "Sainte Chapelle" in the Palace of Justice the "Messe Rouge" was driven to Notre Dame. Finally came the law of separation, which definitely

closed the "Sainte Chapelle" to religious worship and converted it into a mere historic monument of art.

But the war has opened its portals. And the august Victim of Golgotha has returned to the "Sainte Chapelle." On May 22, at the instance of the Council of the Order of the Advocates of Paris, a Solemn Requiem was sung in the beautiful chapel for the repose of the seventy Parisian advocates who have fallen in the war.

What can be said of the religious revival in France can be said of other countries, so there is no use in multiplying examples. But let us rather turn to that sweet story that comes from the north of Italy, a story worthy of the best traditions of the catacombs.

#### PRESERVING THE HOST FROM INSULT

In a village the military authorities considered it necessary to intern the parish priest and his assistant by night without previous warning. The command was given to the inhabitants to evacuate the place. The people knew that in their little church there was One which they should not leave exposed to danger of insult from any quarter. They were simple villagers, pious and good as gold, and they set themselves to solve the problem. Their priests were gone, and they entertained no hope of seeing one before the hour for evacuating their homes should arrive. What plan did these improvised theologians choose?

They picked out a boy of six years of age whom they knew to have learned well his catechism. They paid extra attention to his personal cleanliness. They dressed the child in a white robe and led him to the church. The entire village had already gathered there for the ceremony, simple and sublime, that was to be held.

Two men led the little boy to the rail and bade him mount the steps—they would not enter the sanctuary in their humility. He opened the tabernacle and took out the Lord of Hosts, the God of Battles, and taking the lid off the ciborium, he descended the altar steps to the rail, where those who believed themselves in the grace of God were kneeling. And there in that out-of-the-way little church the boy of six administered Holy Communion to the people until the last sacred particle was consumed. Then he purified the ciborium as he had often seen the priest do, and the village with tears and sobs left the church.

#### THE POPE'S APPRECIATION OF BOYS' ACTS

Tidings of this could not but come to the Holy Father. About the same time as this touching incident occurred the Bishop of Padua (in whose diocese the village mentioned is located) was about to write to Pope Benedict XV. to execute a commission which he had received from another little boy. This boy had, through the Papal bureau, obtained news of his father whom he had lost for a year. Overflowing with joy and gratitude, the boy besought his parish priest to ask the Bishop thank the Pope on his behalf.

The Bishop of Padua executed both tasks in the same letter, and in a few days he received the following note from His Eminence Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State:

"His Holiness has read with paternal pleasure the two moving episodes which you have had the goodness to narrate to him. He graciously intends for the two children the gifts which you ask for them, and which you will receive in separate packets, as an act of sovereign kindness."

#### FRANCE

##### PROGRAM OF GODLESS EDUCATION

In May the Masonic Educational League held an international Congress in Paris, with the intent of mobilizing the educational forces of Freemasonry. J. Guiraud now gives details of the proceedings in the review, *Dieu, Patrie, Liberté*; his article has been reprinted in *La Croix* of Paris. French Catholics have been deeply stirred by the program and methods of the Congress. For an attempt has been made to unite the Masonic forces not only of France, but of its allies in a plan to further the godless education which has been thrust upon the country. For the last forty years the *Ligue de l'Enseignement* has been the soul of this anti-Catholic movement. If the people have not always backed the conspiracy, Ministers of Public Instruction and parliamentary majorities have too often carried out the program. Even now, says M. Guiraud, the Government seems to be supporting the plans of the League. It openly patronized the Congress, and the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Painlevé closed its sessions by a speech at the Sorbonne, in which he glorified the godless school and pointed to it as the source and the cause of the heroism displayed by the French people during the war. This will undoubtedly be news to many. But M. Painlevé and his Masonic supporters wish even to go further. The godless school, in

their view, is not doing enough. Its pupils are withdrawn too soon from its influence. By a system which they call "enseignement post-scolaire obligatoire," or a "post-scholastic," additional and enforced term of attendance in the State institutions the deficiency is to be made up. Many children are still educated in Catholic schools, with the greatest difficulty and at the cost of heroic sacrifices on the part of the teachers; others again leave school at the age of twelve or thirteen. By the plan of M. Painlevé and his associates, this "post-scholastic" education will be obligatory, and is intended to carry boys over the years intervening between graduation from the primary school and entrance into the army. They hope the Catholics burdened already as they are with the educational and charitable works they are supporting, will not be able to meet this additional requirement, that the official, obligatory "post-scholastic" program will have no rival, and that thus the State school alone will have the training of the rising generation.

In summing up the situation, M. Guiraud says, that the present assault on the religion and the soul of the young in France is far more terrible and critical than the attack made by Jules Ferry when he introduced the law of godless obligatory education. M. Guiraud did a patriotic work in unmasking these treacherous tactics.—America.

#### CARDINAL PRAYS MIDST RUINS OF RHEIMS

Rheims, France, August 22.—An inspection of the famous church of St. Remy shows that it was damaged in numerous places by the recent bombardment, which destroyed the civil hospital Cardinal Luçon is among those who still remain here. He was found on Sunday alone and kneeling in prayer on a heap of debris from the cathedral. In spite of the noise of the cannoning then in progress the Cardinal declared he intended to remain in Rheims and would not desert the city under any circumstances.

At the same time Monsignor Ginisty, Bishop of Verdun, who, since the bombardment of that cathedral, has been staying at Bar Le Duc, celebrated Mass in Vasson Court, which was the scene of bloody combats in September, 1914. Ringing of bells joyously announced the arrival of the bishop of the frontier, as he is known. Monsignor Ginisty delivered a stirring address.

#### THE SOWER

There is a picture by Millet less familiar only than the "Angelus." It represents the sower at his work. He is passing with long strides over the far-stretching field. With swinging arm and open hand he is scattering the seed. The dusk of a late twilight is over the landscape, and his features are indistinct, while his eyes are hidden in deep shadow. The rich earth is ready to receive the grain, but the harvest remains uncertain, although it is already a golden hope in the sower's heart.

That stalwart figure passing in the gloaming suggests the work of Catholic Federation. Its seedtime is Catholic Week. The rich-loaned soil is ready for the sowing. The gathering of Catholic societies is the opportunity of scattering broadcast the ideas of social, civic and religious service in the interest of Church and nation. The results, it is true, cannot be fully seen or clearly estimated. The sower's eyes are in the shadow, but the hope in his heart is strong and there is good reason to trust that the Lord of the harvest will give the increase.

Not every seed will prosper. Glorious ideas are doomed to perish by the wayside. Practical suggestions are choked in the tangles of weeds. Resolutions fail of their effect or produce but scant results. Yet some seeds at least will fall upon good soil. They will spring up and thrive and bear fruit, some thirty, some sixty and some a hundredfold. If our hopes are to be most fully realized seedtime must be followed by the year's hard toil. The sowing is but the beginning. It is the lightest of all the tasks that await the husbandman. The growing crop must be watched and tended and protected that we may look with joy and gratitude upon the golden harvest fields. The work of Federation, begun in Catholic Week, must be continued ceaselessly throughout the year. Only thus can the splendid ideas and the glorious resolutions develop and produce their hundredfold: only thus can the sower's vision turn into reality.—America.

#### BLESSED MOTHER OF GOD

As there is no true devotion to Christ's sacred humanity which is not mindful of His Divinity, so there is no adequate love of the Son which disjoins Him from His Mother, and lays her aside as a mere instrument, whom God chose as He might choose an inanimate thing, without regard to its sanctity or moral fitness.—Faber.

#### CATHOLIC NOTES

The history of the missions in Indo China is a long series of vexations and persecutions. More than 30,000 Catholics have shed their blood for Christ.

In Kingsville, Tex., was established recently a council of the Knights of Columbus with thirty-four members, no less than eight of whom are recent converts to the Catholic Church.

Charles George Herbermann, editor-in-chief since 1905 of the Catholic Encyclopedia, died in New York recently. He was born in Germany and was professor for many years at the College of the City of New York.

Count de Salie has been appointed to succeed Sir Henry Howard as minister on special mission to the Pope. Sir Henry Howard was appointed in November of 1914. Count de Salie, minister to Montenegro since 1911, has been in the British foreign service for many years.

In Sir Douglas Haig's latest despatch from the front, no fewer than sixty Catholics of all ranks figure for special mention. Among them are chaplains and soldiers, an Irish doctor who has gained the V. C., and the Earl of Denbigh and his son, both of whom are mentioned for great gallantry on the field.

Following the report made to the recent A. O. H. convention by Rev. Edward J. Fitzgerald, of Washington, D. C., on the progress made by young students at the Catholic University, as a result of the establishment of a Gaelic chair by the Order, the convention voted to establish two fellowships at the Catholic University, and also to establish a Gaelic library.

Rome, Aug. 24.—Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, has been paying a visit to the British fleet. He has pontificated at Mass on board one of the battleships—the first time that an English Cardinal has done so since the Reformation. He has heard the confessions of many of the sailors, and has received three of them—Protestants—into the Church.

The General of the Jesuit Order has seen fit to detach Honduras, British Guiana and Jamaica from the Province of England and place them permanently under the jurisdiction of the American provinces, to-wit: Honduras has been attached to the Province of Missouri; British Guiana and Jamaica to the Province of New York.

A few hundred feet from the principal entrance of Camp Wilson, at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Texas, there has been built by the Knights of Columbus a "field station" or club house for the use of the many thousands of soldiers now encamped there. The use of the building and its equipments is not limited to Catholic soldiers and Knights of Columbus; all the troops in camp are welcome to avail themselves of its accommodations and privileges.

Sister Benedicta from the Hawaiian Islands has been at the motherhouse of the Franciscan Sisters at Syracuse, N. Y., attending the provincial chapter. She has had charge of the children of leprosy patients for the last thirty-one years. Although she has passed the three score milestone, she is still active and in good health. Returning to Hawaii about the first of September she will take up her duties among the lepers of Molokai.

Chicago is to have a public Chapel of Perpetual Adoration, where, day and night, before the exposed Sacred Host, sisters, laymen and women will kneel in prayer. This is in accordance with the plans of His Grace, Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago. The chapel, which is to be newly erected, will be attached to the Convent of the Poor Clare-Coletines, which Order has been favored with the privilege of Perpetual Adoration.

Rome, Aug. 24.—On the occasion of the second anniversary of the death of Pope Pius X., many holy Masses were offered up at his tomb, and thousands made pilgrimages to the tomb, the crypt and the cross, the pavement above the last two being covered with flowers. Cardinal Merry del Val, who was compelled to leave Rome on Friday, August 18, celebrated a memorial Mass for the soul of the illustrious Pontiff on that day, there being present at it the sisters, the niece, and the nephew of Pope Pius, Mgr. Parolin.

There were great rejoicings throughout the diocese of Ballarat, Victoria, Australia, when the announcement was made that the Very Rev. Daniel Foley, parish priest of Terang, had received the appointment of Bishop of Ballarat, in succession to the late Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, of revered memory. The new Bishop was born in Cork, Ireland, fifty-six years ago, and came out to Victoria when he was in his thirty-first year, during the term of the late Bishop Moore. Father Foley is a cousin of the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, Coadjutor-Archbishop of Melbourne.

MOONDYNE JOE

THE GOLD MINE OF THE VASSE

BOOK THIRD

IV.

MR. HAGGETT

Sister Cecilia visited Alice Walmsley every day for several weeks, until the happy change in the latter's life had grown out of its strangeness.

For the first month or so, the kind and wise little nun had conversed on anything that chanced for a topic; but afterwards they developed the silent system—and it was the better of the two.

Sister Cecilia used to enter with a cheery smile, which Alice returned. Then Sister Cecilia would throw crumbs on the sill for the sparrows, Alice watching her, still smiling.

Then the little Sister would seat herself on the pallet, and take out her rosary, and smilingly shake her finger at Alice, as if to say:

"Now, Alice, be a good girl, and don't disturb me."

And Alice, made happy by the sweet companionship, would settle to her sewing, hearing the birds twitter and chirp, and seeing the golden sunlight pour through the bars into her cell.

Sister Cecilia had a great many prayers to say every day, and she made a rule of saying the whole of them in Alice's cell.

The change in Alice's life became known to all the officials in the prison, and a general interest was awakened in the visits of the good Sister to her cell.

From the governor down to the lowest female warder, the incident was a source of pleasure and a subject of every-day comment.

But there was one official who beheld all this with displeasure and daily increasing distrust. This was Mr. Haggett, the Scripture-reader of the prison.

Into the hands of Mr. Haggett had been given the spiritual welfare of all the convicts in Millbank, of every creed—Christian, Turk, and Jew.

It was a heavy responsibility; but Mr. Haggett felt himself equal to the task. It would be wrong to lay blame for the choice of such a teacher on any particular creed.

He had been selected and appointed by Sir Joshua Hobb, whose special views of religious influence he was to carry out.

Mr. Haggett was a tall man, with a highly respectable air. He had side whiskers, brushed outward till they stood from his cheek like square-cut brown coats.

He had an air of formal superiority. His voice was cavernous and sonorous. He had only said "Good-morning," he said it with a patronizing smile, as if conscious of a superior moral nature, and his voice sounded solemnly deep.

One would have known him in the street as a man of immense religious weight, and godly assumption by the very compression of his lips. These were his strong features, even more forcible than the rigid respectability of his whiskers, or the grave sanctity of his voice.

His lips were not exactly coarse or thick; they were large even to bugginess. His mouth was wide, and his teeth were long; but there was enough lip to cover up the whole, and still more—enough left to fold afterwards into conscientiously pious lines around the mouth.

When Mr. Haggett was praying, he closed his eyes, and in a solemnly sonorous key began a personal interview with the Almighty. While he was informing God, with many deep "Thou knowests," his lips were in full play; every reef was shaken out, so to speak. But when Mr. Haggett was instructing a prisoner, he moved only the smallest portion of labial tissue that could serve to impress the unfortunate with his own worthiness and Mr. Haggett's exalted virtue and importance.

Mr. Haggett visited the cells for four hours every day, taking regular rounds, and prayed with an instructed prisoner. He never sympathized with them, nor pretended to, and, of course, he never had their confidence—except the sham confidence and contrition of some second-timers, who wanted a recommendation for a pardon.

There was another official who made regular rounds, with about the same intervals of time as Mr. Haggett. This was the searcher and fumigator—a warder who searched the cells for concealed implements, and fumigated with some chemical the crevices and joints, to keep them wholesomely clean.

When a prisoner had a visit from the searcher and fumigator, he knew that Mr. Haggett would be around soon. The sense of duty in the two officials was very much alike under the surface; and it would have saved expense and time had Mr. Haggett carried, besides his Bible, the little bellows and probe of the fumigator—if he had been, in fact, the searcher and fumigator of both cells and souls.

Mr. Haggett had observed, with horror, the visits of the Popsich nun to the cell of a prisoner whom he knew to be a Protestant. Though he never had anything to say to Numbers Four, and never had prayed with her for five years, he now deemed her one of those specially confided to his care. He was shocked to the centre when first he saw the white-capped nun sitting in the cell, with a rosary in her hands.

Mr. Haggett would have complained at once, but he did not like the governor. He had been insulted, he felt he had, by the governor, who never met him but he asked the same impertinent question: "Well, Mr. Haggett, got your regular commission in the ministry yet?"

Mr. Haggett was in hopes of becoming, some day, a regular minister of the Established Church. He was "studying for it," he said; and his long experience in the prison would tell in his favor. But the years had flown, and he had not secured the reverend title he so ardently coveted. The Lords Bishops were not favorably impressed by Mr. Haggett's acquirements or qualities.

The daily presence of the nun in one of his cells goaded him to desperation. He stopped one day at the door of Number Four, and in his deepest chest-tons, with a smile that drew heavily on the labial reefs addressed the Sister:

"Is this prisoner a Rom—ah—one of your persuasion, madam?"

"No, sir," said the little Sister, with a kind smile at Alice; "I wish she were."

"Hah!—Why, madam, do you visit a prisoner who is not of your persuasion?"

"Because no one else visited her," said Sister Cecilia, looking at Mr. Haggett with rather a startled air; "and she needed some one."

"Madam, I wish to pray with this prisoner this morning, and ah—ah—I will thank you to leave this cell."

The work dropped from Alice's hands, and a wild look came into her eyes. First, she did not understand Sir Haggett's uninviting face, now flushed somewhat, and working as if the godly man were in a passion, she turned, with a mute appeal, to Sister Cecilia.

The nun had risen, startled, but not confused, at the unexpected harshness of the tone, rather than the words. She realized at once that Mr. Haggett, who had never before addressed her, nor noticed her presence, had power to expel her from Alice's cell, and forbid her entrance in future.

She determined on the moment to make an effort for Alice's sake. "This prisoner is to be my hospital assistant on the convict ship," said Sister Cecilia to Mr. Haggett.

"Madam!" said Mr. Haggett, harshly, and there was a movement of his foot as if he would have stamped his order; "I wish to pray with this prisoner!"

He motioned commandingly with his hand, ordering the nun from the cell.

Sister Cecilia took a step toward the door, rather alarmed at the man's violence, but filled with keen sorrow for poor Alice.

The rude finger of the angry Scripture-reader still pointed from the cell. Sister Cecilia had taken one step toward the door, when Alice Walmsley darted past her, and stood facing Mr. Haggett, her left hand reached behind her with spread fingers, as if forbidding the nun to depart.

"Begone!" she cried to Haggett; "how dare you come here? I do not want your prayers."

Mr. Haggett grew livid with passion at this insult from a prisoner. He had, perhaps, cherished a secret dislike of Alice for her old rebellion against his influence. He glared at her a moment in silent fury, while his great lips curved into their tightest reefs, showing the full line of his long teeth.

But he did not answer her. He looked over her, into the cell, where Sister Cecilia stood affrighted. He reached his long arm toward her, and still commanded her from the cell, with a hand trembling with wrath. He would settle with the recalcitrant convict when this strange ally and witness had departed.

"Come out!" motioned the lips of the wrathful Scripture-reader, while his long finger crooked, as if it were a hook to drag her forth.

At this moment a key rattled in the lock, and there entered the passage Sir Joshua Hobb, Mr. Wyville, and the governor, followed by the two warders of the pentagon. The gentlemen were evidently on a tour of inspection. When they had come to the cell of Number Four, they stood in astonishment at the scene.

Alice Walmsley, hitherto so submissive and silent, was aroused into feverish excitement. She stood facing Mr. Haggett, and, as the others approached, she turned to them wildly.

"How dare this man interfere with me?" she cried. "I will not allow him to come near me. I will not have his prayers!"

"Be calm, child!" said Mr. Wyville, whose she had never before seen. His impressive and kind face and tone instantly affected the prisoner. Her hands fell to her sides.

"Lock that cell!" said Sir Joshua Hobb, in a hard, quick voice. "This prisoner must be brought to her senses."

Alice was again defiant in an instant.

"Tell this man to begone!" she excitedly demanded.

The warders approached Alice, who now stood in the door-way. She had turned her agonized face, as she felt Sister Cecilia's hand laid upon her shoulder, and her breast heaved convulsively.

As the warders seized her arms, she started with pitiful alarm, and shuddered.

"Stop!" cried a deep voice, resonant with command. Mr. Wyville had spoken.

"Release the prisoner!" Every eye was turned on him. Even Alice's excitement was subdued by the power of the strange interruption. The Scripture-reader was the first to come to words. He addressed the governor.

"Who is this, who countermands the order of the Chief Director?"

Before the Governor could answer, Sir Joshua Hobb spoke.

"This is insolence, sir! My order shall be obeyed."

"It shall not!" said Mr. Wyville, calmly, and walking to the cell door.

"By what authority do you dare interfere?" demanded Sir Joshua Hobb.

"By this," said Mr. Wyville, handing him a paper.

The enraged Chief Director took the document, and glanced at the signature.

"Bah!" he shouted. "This Ministry is dead. This is waste paper. Out of the way, sir!"

"Stay!" said Mr. Wyville, taking from his breast a small case, from which he drew a folded paper, like a piece of vellum, which he handed to the governor of the prison.

"This, then, is my authority!" The prompt old major took the paper, read it, and then, still holding it before him, raised his hat as if in military salute.

"Your authority is the first, sir," he said, decisively and respectfully, to Mr. Wyville.

"I demand to see that paper!" cried the Chief Director.

The governor handed it to him, and he read it through, his rage rapidly changing into a stare of blank amazement and dismay.

Afterward, he was received by the French Emperor as an authority on the treatment of crime, and had much to do with their new transportation scheme. A man with this record, accepted by the Prime Minister, was just the person to be specially commissioned by the Queen.

"He is young to be so very wealthy," mused Haggett.

"Yes; that is mysterious—no one knows the source of his wealth. This is your mission—find out all about him, and report to me by mail within six months."

"Then I am really to go to Australia?" said Haggett, with a doleful aspect.

"Yes, Haggett; there's no other way. Inquiry into mysterious men's lives is always worth the trouble. You may learn nothing, but—it had better be done."

"Well, Sir Joshua, I want a favor from you in return."

"What is it? You shall have it, if it lie in my power."

"Send that prisoner, Number Four on the ship; but countermand the order for the Papist nun."

"Haggett," said Sir Joshua, after a pause, during which he had stared into the fire, "when does the convict ship sail?"

"In two weeks, sir."

"I want you to go to West Australia on that ship, Haggett."

"I, Sir Joshua? Leave London—I shall be ordained this year—I shall—"

"Fahaw! I want you, man. No one else will do. You can attend to private matters on your return. I shall personally assist you with my influence."

"Well, Sir Joshua?"

"No one else can do it, Haggett."

"What is to be done, sir?"

"I want to know all that is to be known in Western Australia about this Wyville."

"Do you suspect anything, sir?" asked Mr. Haggett.

"No; I have no reason either for suspicion or belief. I know absolutely nothing about the man, nor can I find any one who does."

"And yet that commission—"

"Yes—that was a disappointment. In one or two cases I have heard of the same high influence, given in the same secret manner."

"Were the other holders mysterious, too?" asked Haggett, reflectively, folding and unfolding his facial hangings.

"They were all cases in which phil anthropists might meet with opposition from officials; and this strange but unquestionable power was given as a kind of private commission."

"It strikes down all the rules, and—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Sir Joshua, striking the coal with the tongs; "but there it is. It must be acknowledged without question."

"Have you no clew to the reason for which this special authority was given to him?" asked Haggett.

"I have not thought of it; but I am not surprised. This man, as you know, has reformed the Indian Penal System at the Andaman Islands, expending immense sums of his own money to carry out the change."

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An overwatchful brakeman, it was with a sense of relief that he felt Dick had been more successful than himself. He was not thus to lose sight of Dick however. When the freight train passed on, Dick scrambled up from the opposite bank and joined him. They had no remark to make. Once in a while a sort of a grunt from Dick, Burns showed that he was not altogether pleased with the part of God's world—God's world as man has made it—in which they found themselves.

The Siding looked its reputation of being one of the worst little towns in Wyoming. It nestled on the side of the forlorn mountain pass, as lonely a collection of board shanties as one would care to see. Still, it had its attractions for those banished by the law and hunted by the authorities.

Perhaps the most interesting fact in connection with Tie Siding was that it lay less than half a mile to the west of Dale Creek, spanned by the famous Dale Creek trestle.

It was likely that Derry Garrett had never heard of such a place before he was so quietly dropped off the front end of the blind baggage the day previous to what is still known to railroad men as the "big storm." Picturesque in its surroundings, the trestle was set in the midst of early frontier history and legendary lore. Dale Creek, usually an inoffensive streamlet, wended its way through Lone Tree Gulch, which is at the very summit of Sherman Pass, more than eight thousand feet above sea level. When it came to building a railroad, it was found impossible to fill that yawning chasm.

The Overland people threw up a trestle to span it, and there the trestle hung, suspended 'twixt sky and frightful depth.

Dick Burns and Derry Garrett found a small shanty among the others, and took immediate possession. Derry Garrett was disgusted to the point of silence. They had built a fire on the makeshift hearth and sat in front of it, smoking, saying nothing. In spite of his gloom, it was Derry, who found speech first.

"This is a—of a place. I'm going to get out of it as quick as I can."

Dick nodded. "So'm I," he said. And then they slept.

There was little food to be had, and none for the asking of it. A can of beans, and another of sardines the road very little. The rain that set in during the afternoon did not revive Derry's drooping spirits.

"I guess we'll strike the freight that pulls in here about six," said Derry. "I think—I'm going back home." He lit his pipe again—it had gone out even as he sat puffing at it. "Yes, civilization for me for a while."

Dick Burns nodded.

"You'll lose the notion before you're half way back," he said. "It's just this dead joint that's got you rattled. It's the limit!"

Derry Garrett added a word or two that were scarcely polite, and knocked his pipe against the sole of his shoe. Putting his pipe in his pocket, his hand struck the letter. He took it out and looked at it. Burns eyed him with amusement.

"Who it is? My wife or my sweet-heart?" he asked, with a note of refined speech in the words that was, to say the least, unexpected.

"Neither," said Derry, briefly.

"Ah!" said Burns. Derry put the letter back. "Mine's dead," he added. "She was sick when I made my 'get-away,' and she died soon after. I got out for her sake. The others, the bunch of respectable ones, made it—well, you know how hot they can make it for the gentleman of the family."

He laughed, sneeringly. Derry did not answer. There was something the matter, he told himself, as he leaned forward, elbows on knees, and his head on his hands. Dick ambled on, telling of his first adventures—how he learned the trade, what fellow students he had first started suddenly and looking up as a town darkened the doorway. There were eagerness and relief on his face. He evidently found Derry little to his liking as a companion.

"Come in, stranger—come in, come in!" he vociferated heartily. "Welcome, no matter how you come! And if you've got a deck with you and—"

He stood up. The stranger shook his tall frame vigorously and then unbent his overcoat.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Dick Burns, weakly.

"Pretty smart breeze outside," said the priest, in a cool tone. "Go ahead! Don't mind me. You won't refuse me shelter for a few moments, will you, my lads?"

"No father—no—no!" stammered Burns. He looked at the door, even made a step toward it, but the priest barred the way.

"If you go out," he said, "I shall follow you. I don't want to disturb you. They call me Father Maurice hereabouts when they see me, and I am from New York. Somehow," he added shrewdly, looking from Dick's perturbed countenance to Derry's inquiring one. "I feel that both you chaps fall from the same quarter, or I'm much mistaken."

Derry Garrett had risen at the sound of the priest's name. He now stood looking at him with something like fear in his eyes.

"Father Maurice!" he said, "Father Maurice!" Maurice smiled. "We have met before?" he asked.

"No," said Derry, quietly, "never. But my mother—"

"Knew me?"

"No."

The priest looked questionably. "She did not know you, Father. But some one dear to you—very well."

"Ah!" said the priest in a low voice, full of tenderness. "She knew some one dear to me! She knew my mother! My mother!" He said the words with love and longing in his tones. "Then I knew her, of course, I knew every one—every one—that knew my mother. Her name—ah, her name was Ellen Garrett! And you are her only child, Derry. You are like her very, very much like her. Will you shake hands with me?"

Derry put both hands behind him. "I? Shake hands with you? I—I couldn't father."

"Your mother would like it, Derry. Hesitatingly, painfully, Derry extended his hand.

"Your mother had you, my mother had me," he said.

"Look what you are, and what I am. And they both were good. It isn't my mother's fault." There was a note of defiance in his voice.

"No," said Father Maurice, gravely, "it isn't her fault; it's your own. But you'll come out all right." He laughed softly. "God seldom fails the mothers, Derry. Often we can't see it; often we don't know how or where their prayers are answered. Sometimes, according to our human knowledge, they're never answered. But that is not true."

Derry Garrett shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm a good-for-nothing, low-down, miserable, dirty tramp," he said, without any emotion. "There isn't any meanness I haven't stooped to, and that I won't stoop to again. I shall never reform—never! How can my mother's prayers be answered when I, of my own free will, choose to go against them?"

"When God has hold of a dying man He keeps him tight by the hair," quoted Father Maurice. "For all you know, He may be holding on to you in just that fashion, Derry?"

"I don't know, Father. I'm blowing out this afternoon, and it's the last you'll see of me. Tie Siding is the worst place I've ever struck, and I never want to come back to it."

"You'll not leave it as soon as you expect to," said Father Maurice, gently. "There's urgent work before me farther on in the mountains, but I daren't risk going out today."

"Why not?"

"Come out and see. It's worth looking at."

Derry followed him. The soft rain was now a steady downpour. To the south a miniature thunderstorm was raging; and even as the two men looked, still darker clouds gathered lower down, trying to envelop upon the mountain, trying to envelop it as in a pall. The first faint booming of thunder could be heard growing louder and louder until it seemed as if two mighty, contending, invisible armies warred above. The lightning flashed—terrible streaks of flame against the darkness, to be followed by a crash that was truly ear-splitting. It was a magnificent display and it created conflicting sentiments in poor Derry's mind.

The conversation with the priest had weakened him, and his heart was full of that feeling that comes once in a great while to men like him—comes and goes as quickly.

He turned back, almost blindly, toward the cabin. Dick Burns had made use of their withdrawal to disappear, and Derry and Father Maurice were alone. Both were silent. The priest, reading the man's face, knew that silence then was the better part.

"I wonder how I'd get along if I went back," said Derry at last—"just while she lived anyhow?"

"I don't know," replied Father Maurice, falling into his mood. "Perhaps you'd go off again when she was depending on you."

Derry shook his head.

"If I go back, I go for good," he said.

"You see, Father, I got a letter. It's here in my pocket. It isn't as if she said anything, but it seems so heart-broken like you know. She doesn't say so, but one can read between the lines. I can, anyhow. It makes me see her again, sitting there the way she used to. She was terrible poor with the pen and ink. It must have cost her a good deal to sit down and write to me. It's made me miserable, thinking about it. She wants me."

"Of course she wants you, as every mother on God's earth wants her son," said Father Maurice, gently. "But I haven't been a son to her—only a nuisance."

"Most of us are that to God," said the priest.

"Not you, Father!"

"I've got to fight my way as you have. God doesn't send me any more help in my life than He sends you in yours. All depends on the asking."

"I haven't asked Him for anything in a long while, Father."

"About time you began, Derry."

The shrieking of the wind and the roaring of the storm without almost drowned their voices. It was black as night in the shanty now. There was a candle stuck in a bottle on the rude shelf, and Derry lighted it. He didn't say anything, neither did the priest. He knew that Derry was in the throes of a powerful homesickness, which worked better toward God's purpose than any spoken word.

"I don't want to ask—yet," Derry said at last, defiantly. His voice sounded hollow in the room.

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The priest nodded.  
 "That's right. There's something to be done before you ask—something very necessary."  
 "What, Father? I?" Derry began to laugh. "I'd like to see myself! I'll never go to confession. I wouldn't know where to begin. Good heavens, I wouldn't know how to begin!"  
 "That's your business, Derry," said the priest. "It seems strange, though, doesn't it? Here you are—with me, alone. You didn't mean to be here, nor did I. Yet here we are. And in your pocket is a letter, and back in old New York there is that little old lady—a sweet-faced, gray-haired, wrinkled old lady, peering into her prayer-book, or—perhaps this very moment—running her beads through her withered fingers."  
 There was a gasp, quickly suppressed; a silence—a long silence. The priest's lips were moving.  
 "Will you—will you help me, Father?" then came Derry's trembling tones.  
 "With God's help, my son!"  
 Outside the wind shrieked and had reached the summit of the pass, howled and shook the wooden shanty to its frail foundations. The storm had reached the summit of the pass and was raging with a fury almost indescribable. Dale Creek had become a swollen, roaring, maddening torrent during the short afternoon, and the risen waters were tearing at the trestle abutments and beating with tremendous force against the undermining. The glimmer of a lantern shot into the dark room, and there was the sound of voices. Just as poor Derry bent his head for absolution, a man's voice reached them.  
 "You can't do it," he said. "The trestle won't stand an hour. There's a regular hurricane smashing at her. You can't get your freight through tonight."  
 It was the car which Derry had been waiting for to take him away from the siding. Derry and Father Maurice, with one impulse, went outside. The car, east-bound, loomed up before them, not a wheel moving. A little group of men stood near it. The track-walker looked up as Father Maurice walked close to him, and nodded. Everyone knew Father Maurice.  
 "Glad to see you, Father!" he said, briefly. "There's nasty work ahead. All the wires in the mountain division are down, and the Overland is due here in an hour. And there's no time to go round and stop her."  
 The priest's face paled.  
 "But, man, some one must go!"  
 "Whoever goes will have to cross that trestle, Father."  
 The freight conductor stooped and picked up the red lantern, swinging it over his arm.  
 "I'm going to try," he said. "The trestle'll hold the weight of a man, anyhow."  
 The rest were silent. The man bent toward Father Maurice.  
 "I'm not your kind," he said, "but your blessing will help. Give it to me?"  
 Father Maurice extended his hands and placed them on the uncovered head. There was a set, stammered look on every face. A plunge into that boiling torrent meant death—certain and terrible. There was no chance of escape from it—a fall of thousands of feet below the frail bridge which was now luring the great Overland to fearful destruction. The conductor stooped, and on hands and knees began to crawl out across the swaying trestle. Slowly he went from tie to tie, clinging desperately to the rail when the gusts took him. But he clung. And then they saw that he was turning back, crawling slowly, painfully. When they extended their hands and caught him he could scarcely speak.  
 "I can't—do it!" he gasped. "No one can!" And he fainted.  
 Anxiously they bent over him, then as one man, all stood up and listened; for a faint rumbling came to them, a rumbling that told them the Overland limited was laboring up the mountain grades. A thrill of horror went through every heart. All stood silent, nerves taut, looking into one another's faces.  
 Derry Garrett moved from Father Maurice's side.  
 "What must you do if you get over there?"  
 "Swing the red lantern across the track. The engineer will understand."  
 "Give it to me," he said. He turned to the priest. "Perhaps this is the real reason, Father?"  
 "God bless you, Derry!" said Father Maurice.  
 Derry took the lantern. The freight conductor, who had scarcely regained his breath, clutched his arm.  
 "It's death, man!" he said. "No living being can cross there tonight. The wind would sweep the Overland itself from the track. The blasts—" "I'm going!" said Derry briefly.  
 He buttoned the lantern under his coat and started. The wind had increased in violence. The trestle swayed, creaking and groaning as it was shaken in the fury of the hurricane. At the very point where the other man had stopped—the center of the trestle—Derry stopped, too, crouching with his arms and legs twined about the rail. Those who were watching saw the wind shake him and the bridge itself sickeningly from side to side. He swayed a moment, all his energies bent to the task of holding on. Again he made an effort to advance, and again he crouched, suspended in mid-air—one poor human being fighting against terrible odds.

Once more came the rumble of the Overland—more plainly now—more plainly still to Derry, who lay against the rail.  
 "He can't do it! He can't do it!" shouted one of the men. He put his hand around his mouth. "Come back—come back! You're a fool!"  
 "He's started! He's moving!" shouted another.  
 Dick Burns had joined them, his face white. Derry had evidently been resting for a last effort. He went on, one foot, five feet, ten! There came the hush of suspense that precedes accomplishment or failure. They saw him fumbling with his coat. As he did so a gust of wind caught him fairly. There was a struggle; but as he rose in the arms of the wind, the lantern was in his grasp, and he swung it, fleetly, once. They saw no more. He had fallen, and the torrent claimed him. The seething waters caught him in their grasp and drew his living body forever from the sight of men.  
 But the Overland was saved. For the engineer, warned always to keep a sharp lookout at Dale Creek trestle, caught the flash of the red light as it was swung in those dying hands.  
 The next day the searching party found the mangled remains of Derry Garrett upon the rocks far down Lone Tree Gulch, where the subsiding waters had left them. In the pocket of his coat was the letter from his mother. Father Maurice took it and spread it out, drying it carefully. Dick Burns, watching him with eager eyes asked a question.  
 "What are you going to do with it, Father?"  
 "Send it back to her," said the priest. "The purse they've made up—well, I think she'll be glad enough to get that. But this will be her glory, Dick. A mother never loses hopes for her son, dead or alive."  
 Dick Burns said nothing.  
 "I think we owe it to them to live as decent as we can," went on the priest. "It's not right to shame them before God."  
 Dick shivered slightly.  
 "Don't put it that way. You can't touch people in Heaven."  
 "Not most people. But a mother—a good mother—is different. Her children's shame is hers in Heaven or out of it."  
 Dick turned aside.  
 "It's mighty hard to lead a decent life when everyone's against a fellow," he said.  
 "I know it is. But if a fellow gets a chance?"  
 "Who'd give me a chance?"  
 "I happen to know of one—a chap who's made himself decent for his dead mother's sake. Will you take it?"  
 Dick hesitated. He was softened, ashamed, and—something more. He extended his hand.  
 "I'll take it," he said, briefly. "I won't say I'll do more than try."  
 "You try—your mother will do the rest," said Father Maurice.—The Father Matthew Record.

No one cares to blame young men for their inexperience of life; this is a negative defect for which they can hardly be held responsible and which they are gradually getting rid of. Life is known by living it; wisdom comes to him who waits; but Wisdom is one of the fair daughters of experience. The damsel is worth the wooing, even though bought at a price; but youth should not be asked to pay too dear for her. "One thorn of experience," an author tells us, "is worth a whole wilderness of warning"; and yet it is deplorable to see how sedulously young men hide their lack of wisdom and experience. It is pathetic to witness the superb assurance with which they try to put old heads on their young shoulders, meanwhile rushing heedlessly, many of them over paths that lead nowhere or end in an abyss. In those turbulent years of youth they think they have nothing to learn, and they dare to do what in later years they would recoil from. If their thoughtlessness were mere passing giddiness, one might be content to smile and await their return to calmer and saner moments, but unhappily it is the source of serious sins and weaknesses in young men which compromise their welfare here and hereafter.  
 The arch-enemy of souls is active among those who are blossoming into manhood, and when experience, the future fruits of all the pasts, is lacking in his victims, Satan is easy. He begins by instilling into their hearts a spirit of pride and independence; he next inspires human respect which makes cowards of them. When he reaches this step in his operations, his victory is assured; the day is near when conscience ceases to prick and youth glories in its misdeeds. Young men, on the contrary, who are shrewd enough to recognize their own limitations, and are willing to be taught in the practical matters of life by others wiser than they, will weather the storms, save themselves infinite trouble and sorrow, develop into useful citizens, and become acceptable children of God.  
 The influence of the example of others and the encouragement are powerful means to counteract the spirit of pride and independence which is so characteristic of youth and so fatal to spiritual development. This is the reason the Church favors societies which bring young men together. She likes to see the scattered units of her young flock gathered in and welded together under her motherly protection. She knows that membership in those organizations saves her children from the blighting effects of evil example, and helps them on until they are strong enough and wise enough to walk alone.  
 Another great advantage of membership in Catholic societies is that it helps young men to overcome human respect. If left alone to their own musings and devices, unless they are endowed with strong wills, young men yield easily to the base of slavery to public opinion and fear of ridicule in the fulfillment of their social and religious duties. It is sad that it should be so, for there is hardly anything more contemptible than the state of mind which will allow a man to offend God rather than displease his fellow-men. Imagine, if you can, a well-built grenadier trying to bend his backbone because he hears a hunchback mocking at him for his stately figure. This is the spectacle a religious coward presents before the scoffers. The sentiment of his dignity at least should help a young man over the stumbling block of human respect; it should teach him that it is cowardly to commit evil, that it is not common sense to fly in the face of God. He is probably convinced of this already but in his loneliness and weakness he has not the courage to follow his convictions. Membership in a Catholic society will help to make him braver; when he sees others fighting like himself to keep in the straight path, he takes heart and fights in his turn. Numbers working for the same end have a persuasiveness all their own.  
 The object of the Intention for the present month is to urge pastors and the influential laity in every parish to keep an eye on their young men and bring them together, so that when the demon begins his attacks he may have to fight battalions instead of isolated units. There are many Catholic societies already in existence. It is not the formation of new ones that is suggested, but rather the strengthening in efficiency of the old ones by increasing their membership and putting life into them. When this has been done, a long sleep has been made. Encouragement and good example will then give the right turn to the minds and hearts of those who, in a few years, will be at the head of the social and religious affairs of the Church Militant.  
 Here is an opportunity for lay activity. Influential Catholics who have the interests of their Church at heart should take a hand in rounding up our young men and keep them from drifting into neutral and anti-Catholic organizations which are so numerous nowadays. It is remarked that outside denominations prudently concentrate their efforts on their young men, and we are all aware of the ready response they meet with. Strange it is that we Catholics, with our unity of doctrine, discipline, government, and the rest of it, have nothing to show comparable to the work of the Y. M. C. A. and other forms of social activity outside our fold. The secret of the success of the various sects lies in centralization, a secret that

is full of worldly wisdom and made use of even in practical commercial life, as is evident in those vast syndicates, trusts, combines, etc., where one large well-organized corporation can obtain better results and more economically than half a dozen anemic ones. Among us Catholics, religious interests are thoroughly centralized and consequently well looked after, but the wisdom of centralization in the other matters of religion, has apparently not yet appealed to those who are responsible for the welfare of the social side of the Church.  
 There are numerous outlets for the superabundant energies of our young men if we Catholics would utilize them. To mention only a few latter-day activities: Social Service Guilds would help to initiate our young men in works of public interest and open up to them paths of usefulness; Debating and Dramatic Societies would give them self-confidence, a precious accomplishment in this democratic age, and help them to make use of the knowledge acquired during school-days; young Catholics should be taught to think for themselves on matters of moment in public life, and learn to discern the wheat from the chaff in articles and discussions on public platforms and in newspapers and magazines. Athletic Associations would encourage physical exercise and fill up the spare moments of our young men; there is nothing against faith or morals in well-directed athletics; a sound mind in a sound body is an ideal that anyone may strive after. Membership in a Conference of St. Vincent of Paul would give our young men a first-hand knowledge of poverty and its attendant miseries; it would broaden their sympathies and excite their spirit of charity. And so on in other paths of human endeavor; when good will is not lacking, it is an easy matter to adapt local conditions to exigencies.  
 All these suggestions are the natural development of the present General Intention, and the Sovereign Pontiff in recommending it to the worldwide League of the Sacred Heart evidently had them in view. From his watch-tower in the Vatican he sees the needs of Catholic nations. He is looking forward to the reorganization of Catholic forces after the war is over, especially men, for religious and social purposes; and naturally the spectacle of millions of young men, who should be trained to work for the Church and for Society, could not be overlooked. In obedience to our Holy Father we should all be generous enough to make some sacrifice even of time and labor and money for the common good. Union is strength; union among young men, organized under the wing of religion, would develop a strong Catholic tone; it would form a bulwark for the Church in these troubled years, and at the same time promote a Catholic spirit which would have its echo in public life. Prayers are asked from our members for this excellent Intention. We feel that they will be most acceptable to the Sacred Heart, Who will, in consequence, shower down graces on our young men, and help them to become useful and edifying members of both Church and State.  
 E. J. DEVINE, S. J.

selfes substantially diminished or changed. Under the extraordinary circumstances in which the first body of Christ's ministers were placed some extraordinary powers and privileges, such as personal infallibility, and unlimited individual jurisdiction in point of person and place, were required to suit all emergencies. Those men, who under Christ were to lay the foundation of the Christian religion were, very properly, clothed with those personal privileges in addition to the substantial powers of the ministry, which were to descend unimpaired to their successors.  
 To deny that these substantial powers of the ministerial office were to cease with the death of the last of the apostles would be in effect the same thing as to assert that Christ died only for those who lived in the apostolic age and that He made no adequate provision for the less favored generations which were to come afterwards till the end of time. It would be moreover to falsify the plainest language of the commission itself, and set limits where it sets none whatever. Nay, more, it would effectually cut off at the very source all the powers of the ministry claimed and exercised by all Christians of all denominations at the present day. Once you admit this novel and strange theory, where is the proof that Christian ministers of any denomination have now the power to preach, to baptize or to do any of the other ministerial acts instituted by the Saviour?  
 It is then clear from the very nature of the commission itself and from the words in which it was given that the will and intention of Christ was to have His religion taught and established in the whole world, and among all mankind, and to have it maintained and progressively extended to the very end of time by means of a ministry ordained by Himself, clad with ample powers derived from Him. And the ministry and these powers were to be substantially kept up and maintained in a regular uninterrupted succession to the end of the world. This is the plain and obvious meaning of the commission. This is the interpretation which the whole Christian world unanimously put on it for the first 1500 years of the Christian era. There is no other interpretation worthy of its end and scope, or compatible with Our Lord's plainest language. All other explanations are narrow and inconsistent and strike at the very essence of the Christian ministry and at Christianity itself.  
 The sublime commission then which Christ gave to His Apostles had all the marks and features which reason declares it should have. First, it was from God, whose duty alone it is to teach us the laws by which we are to live and be governed, and if He appoints others to do so, to give the world a guarantee that He has appointed and so commissioned them. Second, it embraced all persons and extended to all times as reason tells us it should, for God, in justice, cannot be a respecter of persons and He must wish to save all His rational creatures and therefore must give them the means sufficient for salvation. Third, the commission is also ample. All powers necessary for the regeneration and sanctification of man are given. There is no limitation, no restriction. He declares all power is given to Him and in virtue of this He tells His apostles to go forth and teach all things.

This divine commission, then, which Christ gave His apostles, answers all the requirements of reason. But reason demands, too, that those who teach us God's laws—how we are to act in order to please and serve God,—should be sent to God, for the man who professes to teach God's laws without God telling him to do so, is an intruder and usurper, preaching as God's law what is only his own law. Christ answers this demand. "All power is given Me." (This I have proved by giving life to My own body.) "Go therefore teach all nations."  
 Reason demands that the law of God should be taught by such teachers not merely to a few or to one or two generations or to one or two nations, for this would be partiality on the part of God, but that it should be taught to all men, all God's rational creatures, at all times and in all places till the end of time, so as to give all an opportunity of knowing God's law, of keeping it and of thereby saving their souls. The commission given by Christ answers this requirement, for the Apostles were to teach all nations till the consummation of the world. Finally, reason demands that these teachers should be prevented from teaching anything but God's law, or that those nations, to whom they would preach during all time, should have some guarantee that what they preached is the law and will of God. Christ meets this demand and also by promising them that He would be with them as a teacher, assisting and guiding and teaching all days till time ends. "Behold I am with you all days."—F. D. in Intermountain Catholic.

publisher is enriched at the expense of discord between American citizens. Such a paper came to my desk some time ago, making such charges against a religious organization, and following the charge was an eloquent appeal for loyal Americans to subscribe for the paper, to contribute money for its publication, to send copies to friends, and stating that this one exposure should bring them a million new subscribers. What matter to the publisher whether the charge was true or false, if it secured a million new subscribers?  
 It is ignorance of the Church that works havoc with the average non-Catholic. Some who know her will slander and besmirch her for commercial reasons. All who fear her should suspend judgment until they study her doctrines, or accept information from those eminently fitted to declare her position among men.—Pilot.

THE SOUL OF A BLACK MAN  
 "Recently," says the Catholic Herald, "thirty negro converts were received at a single time into the Church in Kansas City. That should teach us what a great field there is for the extension of the Church among the negro population of the country and we should contribute liberally to the negro missions. The soul of a negro is as precious in the eyes of God as that of a white man, and there is just as much merit in saving the soul of a man with black skin as of one that is white."  
 True charity is not so much in giving as in loving.

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GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETIES

The years of youth are critical years in the life of every one, of young men especially; for it is in those years that young men begin to scan new and unexplored horizons. A growing self-consciousness, coupled with a lack of that knowledge which only practical experience of life can give, urges them prematurely to sound mysteries of human liberty and other problems with which they are unfamiliar, or which, as yet, they but imperfectly understand; and then, chafing under certain restraints they feel the impulse to throw off shackles which begin to curb their freedom. For every man the age of youth, say from fourteen to twenty, corresponds in some way to the hour when the forbidden fruit was offered to humanity in the person of our First Parents. If at that solemn hour Adam had remained faithful to the command of God, he would have assured to himself and to us the precious gifts which the Creator had destined for the race; he would have retained his innocence and especially his power of resisting evil; and we his descendants, inheriting those same gifts, would not be prone to commit sin. Had Adam resisted the tempter, how easy our perseverance in well-doing would now be; how many falls might be avoided! "Man's first disobedience" inflicted a wound on the human race which the grace of God may heal, but which, alas, may open again at any moment.  
 In no soul do the results of Original Sin reveal themselves more clearly or more pathetically than in the soul of a young man. When he starts after school-days to carve out his own career, if he has no one wiser than himself to advise him or direct his efforts, he is like a young tree growing in the open plain, with nothing to protect it from the fury of the elements. The pressure of adverse winds, constantly beating against the sapling, gives it a downward trend which age only strengthens and perpetuates, making it an eyesore on the horizon. If, on the contrary, the frail young tree is allowed to live amid oaks and maples, those lofty neighbors protect it efficaciously; it grows tall and straight, and in the course of years it becomes a thing of beauty.

DIVINE COMMISSION OF CHURCH IS OUTLINED

Reverting to the remarkable features of the divine commission conferred by Our Lord on His apostles and their successors we will preface our remarks with the statement that without a commission either in civil or religious government there can be no right or authority to teach. "How can they preach," writes St. Paul, "unless they be sent." The Catholic church, without any rival claimant, has always adhered to this incontestable principle. Her claim was never contested till the sixteenth century, not even by the Greek church who merely denied that supreme authority was vested in the Pope, claiming that it was vested in a general council of bishops. Still they admit that no general council can be validly held unless convoked and presided over by the Bishop of Rome or his legates. Hence the fact, that there has been no attempt in the past of the Greek church to hold a general council since its separation from the Catholic Church. But all this is in the past.  
 The last feature of the commission referred to was its completeness, namely, that it conferred on the apostles and their successors full and ample powers for the accomplishment of the great work assigned to them.  
 Closely connected with this is another quality of the commission. Christ intended and willed that all the substantial powers with which He clothed His first body of ministers, should descend to their regular and lawful successors in the ministerial office to the end of time. There is and can be no doubt of this. The commission was to last till the consummation of the world, and it could not do so, at least it would become null, powerless and barren of all effects unless it should continue to be invested with all the substantial powers it promised at the beginning.  
 I say substantial powers, for it might and probably would happen that amid the changes, which circumstances might induce the exercise of the original plenipotentiary power, would be variously modified without their being however them-

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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1916

UNDER WHICH KING?

While the war in Europe proceeds towards the goal of triumph for human liberty over Prussian militarism, there is another war being waged of even greater importance than the issues on the fields of Flanders. This tremendous war, unchronicled in the newspapers, is being waged between two princes, each with millions of soldiers, and they are fighting for causes that can never be reconciled and that concern each one of us to-day. This momentous war of princes and peoples is no quarrel of yesterday. It was raging in the dawn of history. It began when Lucifer, in the pride of power, resisted the most High. God or Lucifer—that was the issue that sent two thirds of the angels to champion the right, and the other third into the darkness of falsehood and wrong.

God or Lucifer?—that is the question which has always parted the world into two camps. Not that the question is put so plainly as this. Lucifer is not wholly a fool. Though he is the blunderer of eternity, he has a shallow shrewdness of his own. He knows quite well that if he and his followers were to come out boldly with the battle-cry of "Down with God," he would alarm many people who, if artfully treated, may be induced to fight in his cause. Yet, whatever be the verbal veil which Lucifer draws over his schemes—whether he be pleading for the secularizing of schools in the ostensible cause of patriotism and progress—or whether he be closing the purse of wealth to the appeal of the poor, under the guise of "scientific charity," Lucifer's watch-word in the depths of his heart will always be: Down with God.

God or Lucifer? Which is it to be? There is no neutrality possible. There is no escaping the question. There is no evading an answer. Who is to provide the rule of our life—God or Lucifer? It must be one or the other. Some have imagined that they themselves could provide a rule of life, without external interference. Brilliant men have sometimes made this mistake, like Wilde, the erratic genius of recent years, who mistook evil for good, till he sadly awoke to the light of truth in the solitude of Reading jail. Then, as in his cell, he read the words of the Psalmist: "Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord: O Lord, hear my voice," he knew that he had followed false lights, and that in his fancied wisdom and independence he had merely been a slave of Satan.

Under which King? God or Lucifer? Some will try and divert us from the question. They will tell us not to seek to be extraordinary but to follow the beaten track. But they forget to tell us that no man or woman ever became a great saint, or great in any way, who was content to be ordinary. Pilate was an ordinary man and allowed his fear of being thought extraordinary to permit the Crucifixion of his Maker, while his wife, the one person who in His hour of trial stood out boldly against the murder of our Lord, had the courage of her convictions. She had the wit to be extraordinary.

God or Lucifer? That was the question that faced the Jews and the Romans plainly and persistently, during the three hours of Good Friday when our Saviour was hanging on the cross. On the one side was the victim of Calvary with His gospel of mildness and charity and the shunning of wealth. It was a gospel strangely repellent to the wealth-seeking Jews. They had

grown to regard wealth as a sign of respectability. They had come to think of the Messiah as wealthy and of princely status. And then, as it might be in irony, there came into their midst the lowly Jesus. They had to take Him as He was, not in the palace they had pictured but in the manger and in the poor hut at Nazareth. No longer was the note of prosperity emphasized, as in the old Testament, as the reward of piety. It was a trying gospel for the Jews. To be asked to believe that poverty was a means of spiritual perfection was rather more than they could swallow in their worldly wisdom. The goodness of Jesus Christ, His miracles, His spirituality had impressed the Jews. How could they fail to be impressed when they gazed upon One who had the Beatific vision? But his doctrines were opposed to their passions. So they watched Him die upon the Cross, not without a sense however, we may believe, that somehow He was asking them the question: God or Lucifer?

God or Lucifer? That is the issue of the hour, the issue of the great War being fought to-day by every nation and in every human heart. Sometimes the issue has seemed to grow dim, and has almost been forgotten. In the press of pleasure, in the strife of politics, in the stern battle of business, some men have lost sight of their real destiny. They have been obsessed, as it were, by material questions, and have lived as if the whole of life were contained in the few brief years that they pass upon this planet. It was to arouse such men from their obsession that God permitted the outbreak of the present war. On the battle-front life is stripped of its tinsel and falsehood, and seen in its true proportions, a hideous thing without God, by those who desire to see. On the battle-front, every thinking man must realize the need of a higher power to redeem the human race and to protect it against itself and the powers of darkness. The callousness of the militarism which could plunge the world into such a war can only be explained by the fact that for years the philosophers of Germany had sought to eliminate the supernatural from human calculations. They had rejected the religion of Jesus Christ as beneath their manhood and had set up a state idol of conscienceless Caesarism, which is the foe of human liberty to-day. The infection of their false philosophy had been widespread. It had reduced modern Protestantism to the level of debating schools, denying practically every doctrine which their founders had retained out of the wreck of the so-called "Reformation." This false philosophy must be sent to the scrap heap if the world is ever to be released from the curse of militarism. The godship of the State means the death of liberty. The sole thing on earth that can secure liberty is Catholic Christianity. This need of Christian liberty explains why millions of men are fighting against Prussian militarism and State lordship on the battle-front to-day. Consciously or unconsciously they are in a measure settling for posterity the great question—Christian liberty or godless Caesarism, or in other words—God or Lucifer?

WHEN CHRIST CALLS

There is a time in the life of every man when he receives a call from Christ. Indeed, it may be said that for a large proportion of people this divine call comes every day. It comes at all periods of life, in boyhood and girlhood, when parents tell us of Christ's deep love for children; it comes in manhood and womanhood in the shape of trials and difficulties in the world, and in the holy example of souls into whose society God leads our steps; it comes in old age, when friends are gone and the flush of life departed; it comes to some in the last few moments of their life, when by some special grace the soul is drawn to God.

The call of Christ comes to different people in different modes. It came to Peter and Andrew, as they were casting their nets into the sea. "Come ye after Me," said Jesus, "and I will make you to be fishers of men." They do not seem, from the sacred account, to have hesitated or debated the advantages of the summons. The Lord of life stood before them, and His attraction, in their case, would seem to have outshone all other considerations. We are told that "immediately leaving their nets, they followed Him." When a man accepts the call of Christ, his conception of life grows

new. The life of his Master is henceforth to be his model. Henceforth his thoughts must dwell, unless he is to fall in his new vocation, upon the attributes of his Lord, from which he is to draw his inspiration for his new life of supernatural virtue. These attributes of his Lord are manifested to him in each phase of his Saviour's life. Goodness, wisdom, holiness, justice, power, and all other perfections were conspicuous in Jesus Christ. Alone among men, He could claim to be sinless. Mere men never made this claim. If they had done so, they would merely have been laughed at. But in Jesus Christ's case, there seemed nothing strange or extravagant in the claim. He was God.

Now this sinlessness of God, and His other Divine attributes, are, in some measure, imperfectly, of course, to be reflected in each of His followers' lives. In baptism we receive a new kind of intelligence, a supernatural intelligence; and a new kind of knowledge, a supernatural knowledge, so that we may be able to hold the doctrines which our Lord wishes us to hold. In confirmation we receive an increase of sanctifying grace and of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, besides a right to actual graces, and a special character, by which we are constituted soldiers of Christ. In the Eucharist we receive nutrition for our souls and a pledge of eternal life. Other sacraments produce other special effects, each adapted to some special end, and finally resulting in our personal salvation and the Beatific vision of God. The whole process of salvation is characterized by that order and system which might reasonably be expected from an infinitely wise God. Take, for example, the question of the Church. If Christ had been human, He might possibly have founded such a Church as non-Catholics possess to-day, devoid of certainty and authority, with a Bible containing plain truths, but twisted in countless modes by countless interpreters to accord with their preconceived ideas. But Christ was God. So He founded the Church on Peter, and used words to him that should always apply to His true Church to the end of time: "And I say to thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock, I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in Heaven."

The supernatural wisdom of God is reflected in the mental attitude of His faithful followers towards revealed truth. They believe in His revelation because it is His, and they are sure He speaks the truth. The follower of Christ will seek to imitate his Lord's perfections. He knows that his Lord, who was God, chose to be born in a stable, and to be poor throughout His life. He knows that his Lord never attempted to rise in the world by oppressing the people of His time, or by making little of anybody. From this, he infers the need of humility in his own life. Not a false humility, such as is conceived of by some people. Humility does not mean that we should falsely magnify our defects or minimise our talents, or that we should sit or walk with our heads hanging down as if we were afraid to face people. This would be merely eccentricity, a relic of the Gnostic heresies. By proper humility, we shall cease to be intoxicated with our own supposed excellence nor shall we be inclined to despise the talents of others. On the contrary, we shall regard all our talents as gifts of God, to be used for His service in His honor and glory. When we think of our many failings, and of the fact that everything we have we owe to God, we shall surely have no reason to strut about as if we were little gods. Nor if we reflect at all on the life of Jesus, shall we be inclined to despise other people. To despise other people merely means that we have never thoroughly known ourselves. Once we really know ourselves, we shall be convinced that there are very few people in this world who cannot teach us something which we do not already know. The greater our real knowledge, the greater our true humility.

Upon the part that charity must play in the life of our Lord's followers, we need not dwell. It was characteristic of our Lord, that "He went about doing good." If we really wish to be like Him, we shall wish to do good. We shall love all

mankind for His sake, that is to say, we shall wish them well, we shall pray for their salvation, and be ready to do them any good that lies in our power. Our Lord loved the poor. If we wish to be like Him, we shall love them too. It is a blessed thing to be a friend of the poor. If we love our Lord, we shall never be ashamed to be visited by the poor. The house that a poor man never visits for relief is a poor house indeed, even if its owner be worth millions. The real Christian will be delighted if even a tramp should ask him for aid. Tramps have souls. The Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph would have been dubbed tramps at Bethlehem by many people of their day. What else was our Lord Himself but a tramp in the sight of the fashionable folk? The man or woman who can't stand tramps is still on the threshold of the purgative way.

REFLECTIONS OF A CONVERT

In conversation recently with a very devout and intelligent Catholic man, who had come into the Church in middle life, he made the seemingly strange statement that he believed that a convert never became a Catholic, in the same sense as one who had been reared from infancy in the faith. He thanked God for the gift of faith and gave the assent of his intelligence to every doctrine of that faith. Yet he felt that he lacked something that his wife, who had always been a Catholic, possessed. There was some aroma of piety about her acts of devotion, the sweetness of which he prayed that he might enjoy.

This assertion throws an interesting side-light on the devotional attitude of converts. We are accustomed to being edified by the piety and zeal of those who in all sincerity have embraced our holy religion. We picture them in our minds as enjoying a sensible sweetness in their devotions that we but seldom feel. It is true that they do enjoy this sweetness, especially in the first years of their lives as Catholics. It springs from an overwhelming sense of gratitude to God for the inestimable gift that He has bestowed upon them. It is also in their case a direct gift from God to reward them, even here below, for the sacrifice that they have made and to establish them firmly in the practice of their faith. But one, who, like this gentleman's good wife, was baptized in infancy, who had drunk in her Catholicity at her mother's knee, who is no stranger but thoroughly at home in her father's house, enjoys a sensible consolation in the practice of her religion that springs largely from other sources. The associations of the past, the remembrance of the devotions of childhood, the souvenir of the glad day, when as a little girl she approached for the first time the Eucharistic table, these and the many little accessories to piety, the beads that her mother gave her, the scapular in which she was enrolled by some venerated priest, her favorite prayer, the intimacy that she has long enjoyed with the Saints and her Angel Guardian—all these things give to her a consolation in the practice of her religion and in the reception of the sacraments an added sweetness of which a convert is deprived.

A comparison will illustrate this. One man owns a demesne on which he has lived since childhood. Another man becomes heir in later life to an exactly similar estate. He is overjoyed at his good fortune; he realizes the value of the property and, in a vague manner, its charm and its beauty. But it is not to him and never can be to him the same as it would be if it had been his from childhood. The first man's attitude of mind is entirely different. In his case the words of Cardinal Newman in reference to the campus of his beloved Alma Mater very fittingly apply: "The undulating meadows, the green lanes, the open heath, the common with its wide-spreading dusky elms, even the gate and the stile and the turnpike road had the charm not of novelty but of long familiar use; they had the poetry of many recollections." This, it seems to us, illustrates the difference of attitude to the Church on the part of a convert and one who has been always a member.

Strange to say the true convert often surpasses in missionary zeal the life-long adherent of the Church. He is ever ready to explain her doctrines to others. He is proud of being a Catholic and rejoices in the open profession of his faith. The

reason for this is that, not having always enjoyed the blessing of faith, he realizes its value and is anxious that others should share in his happiness; while one who came into his Christian inheritance in infancy accepts it as a matter of course, like the material blessings of sight and hearing.

WHY SOME CONVERTS DO NOT PERSEVERE?

As we have pointed out above, life-long Catholics may enjoy some incidental advantages which are denied to converts; but the latter are in many ways compensated for this. How comes it then that some of them do not persevere? The first answer to that question is: because they were never really converted. They embraced Catholicity from some temporal motive, exclusive of any supernatural attraction to the Church. We have known of such a one, who learned the answers in the catechism in order to qualify himself to marry a Catholic girl. Fortunately, it was found out in time that he was a married man. He was evidently insincere. It does not follow, however, that all those who are attracted to the Church through temporal motives do not make good Catholics. God makes use of many means to bring His children into the true fold. It may be the charm of a Catholic girl; it may be the personality of some clergyman; it may be a mere sentimental attraction to the beauty of the Church's ritual. If the person has a sincere desire to know the truth, conviction and faith will follow. Here we may state that there should be no softening down of Catholic doctrine, no minimizing or explaining away of Catholic teaching. Otherwise the person will come into the Church retaining his private judgment, the right to pick and to choose even in essential matters that may appeal to his intelligence or personal whims. Such a person is not a Catholic at all; for there is the same motive to accept one doctrine as to accept another, to conform to one commandment as to conform to another, viz., the authority of the Church. The true convert, no matter how intelligent he may be, must, in the spirit of humility, sit like a little child at the feet of his spiritual Gamaliel and learn what he must believe and what he must do to be saved.

This suggests another reason why some converts do not persevere. They were never properly instructed. No one would undertake to practice Medicine or Law without having previously made himself acquainted with the facts and principles associated with these branches of knowledge. How then can a person be expected to practice his religion if he has not a sufficient knowledge of it? There are certain essential truths in which he must explicitly believe. How can he do this if he has not learned these truths? There are certain laws that he must observe. How can he conform to these if he does not know what they are? But, apart from essential matters of belief and practice, the better instructed a convert is the more he will admire the Church and the greater will be his love for it. This admiration and love will strengthen his faith and help to secure his perseverance.

It is a great mistake to imagine that it is easier to make a good convert of a liberal-minded man who was never closely associated with any church, than of a zealous Protestant. We grant that the former may be more easily converted, for he had not very much to turn from; but the latter is apt to make the most staunch Catholic. Among the most devout Catholics we have known were men and women who before their conversion breathed, like Saul, of Tarsus, maledictions against the Church. God's arm is not shortened. He still works miracles of grace as in the days of St. Paul. Every sincere convert is an evidence of this; for they were blind and now, behold, they see. We were witness of an instance of this in the case of an old man, who was religiously minded and conscientious. He was received into the Church shortly before his death. His malady had for some time prevented him from speaking above a whisper and, being of a retiring disposition, he never gave expression to very strong sentiments. After receiving the last Sacrament, he raised himself up in the bed and, taking the hand of the priest, he said in a clear, distinct voice "Good-bye Father. I thank God that He has given me the grace to know the

truth and to embrace it before I die." Could St. Augustine have uttered a more forceful and eloquent act of faith and gratitude? He died that night. THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE RIGHT Rev. Dr. Chisholm, Bishop of Aberdeen, has the happy faculty of putting things into a nutshell, and when he speaks his words are always words of wisdom, and carry weight. Recently interrogated regarding the practicability of Prohibition in England and Scotland, he said: "There is only one fair and honest solution of the question of total prohibition, and that is total prohibition. Not prohibition for the working man only, but prohibition for all classes. Not prohibition for one kind of drink only, but prohibition for all kinds of drink. Not prohibition in the public house only, but prohibition in the club and the home as well. Do not call a thing total prohibition which is not total prohibition at all. In like manner do not call a thing temperance which is not temperance. Let us be fair and honest." It is just this insincerity of profession and the making of the question the battledore and shuttlecock of politics that causes so many level-headed men to distrust it. If Ontario is to have prohibition it should, as says Bishop Chisholm, be prohibition.

THE GLASGOW Herald published, on August 4th, a symposium from leading public men appropriate to the commemoration of the second anniversary of the declaration of war. Among them was a short but weighty statement from the Archbishop of Glasgow, which has been widely commented upon as singularly timely. "What ought to be our resolution on this, the second anniversary of the outbreak of war?" said His Grace. "We ought to think only of bringing the war to a successful conclusion. How can that best be done? (1) We should do our best to be united. We should lay aside for the time the things as to which we are not agreed, and think only of the one thing as to which we are all practically agreed. For this it will be well for us not to make the war an occasion for urging various schemes which seem good to us but do not seem good to our neighbors." These are words which might very well be taken to heart by the Lansdownes and others on the other side of the water, and also, no less earnestly, by many Catholic and non-Catholic, in this Canadian Dominion.

STUDIES, THE Irish quarterly, which some time ago gave a list of the distinguished French generals who are earnest and practical Catholics, has more recently performed the same office for the Catholic admirals in the French navy. These officers, it is stated, are, as a body, solidly and conspicuously Catholic, and it also claimed for the service as a whole that it is remarkably free from the virus of irreligion. This may in large measure be due to the fact that the personnel is chiefly recruited from Brittany and Normandy where the Faith has remained strong when other provinces of France were riddled through and through with freemasonry and atheism. It is also attributable to the close contact between the navy and the missionary which even the irreligious administration at home has not deemed it prudent to interfere with abroad.

THE ADMIRALS whose names have been most constantly before the public in the present war as rendering distinguished service to their country are the following: Boué di Lapeyrière, who has been the chief organizer of the fleet; Lacaze, his successor in its administration; Dartige de Fournet, who won honor as Commander-in-Chief of the international squadron at Constantinople during the last Balkan War; Ronarc'h, a Breton, deviser of the mine-sweeping system now in active operation, it is said, by the British Fleet; Guerpatte, who commanded with distinction in the Dardanelles; De Bon and Chocheprat, successful squadron commanders; Mervilleux de Vignoux, a submarine expert and commander of the School for Naval Cadets. All these are practical Catholics, and with the coming of peace it will not be an easy task for the government, even if so disposed, to neutralize the influence which they will have exerted upon the rank and file and through them upon the French people. The religion which is good

enough for the trench and the turret cannot very safely be despised by officialdom.

THE HIGH ANGLICANS in England are kept pretty constantly in hot water. If they are not being shocked by Low Church irreverence or depravity, or insulted by the indifference or hostility of the bench of bishops, they have officious legal functionaries to contend with. At present they are being harassed by the Chaplain-General's intrusiveness in regard to the reservation of the "Blessed Sacrament" in the military hospitals. The following "instructions" in this regard were issued by that official in July, and High Churchmen everywhere are up in arms against them. (1) The "Sanctuary-Lamp" shall be removed unless it is needed for lighting the chapel. (2) "Reservation" must not be practised (with exceptions set out at length for the benefit of those not able to be present at the "celebration" but not extending beyond the day.)

THESE REGULATIONS have put the Ritualists once more into turmoil. The Church Times, the chief exponent of Ritualism, is up in arms against the Chaplain General, and terms his action as "sheer usurpation" of the authority of the Diocesan Bishops under whose jurisdiction these hospitals are.

NOR IS THIS all. Mr. Athelstan Riley, a prominent lay "Anglo-Catholic," has been denouncing the proposal to employ women speakers in church in connection with the National Mission which the English Church is busy organizing—a suggestion which has been already adopted by the Council. Mr. Riley has been writing strongly-worded letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury in which he denounces the proposal as "opposed to Scripture and Catholic order," and as nothing more or less than a part of the "feminist conspiracy to capture the priesthood step by step." His protests have, however, fallen upon deaf ears, for the Archbishop has given him no response beyond "regretting the tone and character" of his letter. Mr. Riley's mistake, if he could only see it, is that the Archbishop and all his brethren are constitutionally incapacitated for rendering a final decision on anything doctrinal or disciplinary. "Alex Cantuar" probably breathed an aspiration of thanksgiving that the action of the Council had taken any necessity for a "decision" out of his hands.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1916, Central News)

London, Sept. 2.—All kinds of domestic difficulties are coming up in Parliament—whether we shall have a General Election; whether we shall have universal manhood suffrage; whether we shall have woman suffrage; and above all, of course, whether Ireland shall get Home Rule immediately. There has gathered around Sir Edward Carson a formidable and an organized opposition. Sir Edward Carson represents the man in the street to-day—irritable, violently anti-German, violently anxious for stronger measures. Two committees, as everybody knows, have been formed for the purpose of forcing the hands of the Government to more vigorous action, committees the character and purpose of which will be gathered from the nick-name of "Ginger" which has been applied to them both. Thus it is, that while there was no opposition in the early days of the Coalition, for all the men of influence and of previous experience as Ministers had been gathered into the Ministry, nowadays, however, there are several ex-Ministers who give weight and respectability to the new Opposition. A formidable fighter has recently entered the ranks in the person of Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Churchill was one of the men of dynamic energy who longed for an opportunity of giving their services to the country, and it was generally supposed that he would have been appointed to the Ministry of Munitions when Mr. Lloyd George abandoned it for the War Office; but he was not appointed, and he has now given more than one indication that he and Sir Edward Carson are fighting in couples against the Government.

The Irish Party have sixty members who take part in every division. They returned to Ireland to look after affairs there when the settlement broke down. But they will be here in full numbers in the October sittings. On them probably will depend the fate of the Ministry, and Ministers generally are ready to do anything for those who command their existence. I should not, therefore, be surprised if in the October sittings we see a new development of

that most uncertain of all British problems—the Irish question.

There is one most ancient and most important institution which threatens to be thrown out of business by the war. Everybody knows the word "whip" in our Parliamentary proceedings. The origin of the word is hard to trace; but I have a strong impression that it came from the days of Sir Robert Walpole who was one of the first of the really Parliamentary Ministers; who was also a great sportsman, and who would naturally apply to the proceedings and personages of the House of Commons a figure of speech drawn from the hunting field. Just as the whip on the hunting field keeps the hounds together, so the Parliamentary whip keeps watch and ward over the supporters of the Ministry. When you enter the inner lobby of the House of Commons your eye is caught by two short benches which are just inside the door through which every member has to enter the House—unless he be a Minister who has a special private entrance of his own. On these benches sit the whips. It is their point of vantage, for they are able to tell who comes and who goes. They have a very strong organization behind them to help in this work. You see around the inner lobby a corps of clerks with printed lists of the members of the House; and on these lists is checked off the name of every member as he comes and as he goes. There are besides two large offices with several rooms in which the Whips of the two great parties do their work. All kinds of machinery contrived to keep a close watch on the goings and comings and even on the resorts of the members. Most of them are on the telephone; and those who are really conscientious leave the telephone number of the place they are going to during the dinner hour. In short, no head of a military staff has means more complete for organizing and mobilizing forces than these men who are responsible for the attendance of members; for it is the attendance of members which decides the fate of bills and of Ministries.

All this went on quite smoothly in the days of peace and of a Liberal Ministry; but with the Coalition Government an entire change came over the scene. The Tory whips used to confront the Liberals in the old days; one set of the two benches belonged to them, the other to the other side; and each whip addressed only the members of his own Party. Personally, the whips were very civil to each other; but their civility did not prevent them from keeping a watchful eye on each other. There are tricks in the trade of whips as in other trades. One of them, of course, is to keep studiously from the knowledge of the other the exact amount of their forces. There is a well-known story of two old whips of pre-historic days who were always trying to outwit each other. One was George Glyn later Lord Wolverton, a great banker—and the other a genial but reactionary old Irishman called Colonel Taylor. One day after a great and narrow division the two were strolling in a friendly walk over Westminster Bridge. "Well," said the Liberal whip, "one of my men was dying in bed." "Ah," said Colonel Taylor, pointing to a funeral that was passing, "one of my men is in that coffin."

All this is, of course, now changed; the Liberal whip in the old days always had the Tory whip opposite to him; nowadays you often see the "door," as the whip's department is summarily described, kept in turn by a Tory or a Liberal whip. It is sometimes startling to see an incorrigible and unteachable but charming old Irish Tory like Viscount Valentia humbly ask the narrowest Radical to come back after dinner so as to preserve the Government from a snap division; and it is equally a contradiction of all former conditions to see a strong Radical like Mr. Geoffrey Howard appeal to a good old Tory Squire to come back and help the Government. The Coalition in fact, like an earthquake, is so transforming the whole face of the political world that it is almost impossible to trace the old landmarks.

While, thus, the task of the whips has been made comparatively easier than ever it was before, it has become in other respects much more difficult. A division has hitherto been regarded by the ordinary member of Parliament as the most sacred of his duties. The constituencies have also held the same opinion. Whenever a member came before a constituency for re-election his political opponents always looked up the record of his divisions and if it should turn out to be bad, it was used as a very powerful argument against his re-election. As a rule the member of Parliament performs this duty, accordingly, with great conscientiousness; but there have been extraordinary exceptions. The House of Commons, consisting of so large a body of men as 670, is really more of a mob than of a deliberative assembly, and in such a gathering there must be all sorts and conditions of men. Things were worse when I first entered Parliament than they are now, for at that time there was no means by which you could get rid of certain members, as no member of parliament is allowed to resign; he must accept an office of profit under the Crown, and the usual form, as everybody knows, is that he accepts the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, an office at one time which had duties and emoluments, but has now become a mere name. There was one case

where a member of Parliament became insane within a short time after his entry to the House and, being insane, his signature to any document could not be accepted; with the result that for many years, while the member was locked up in an asylum, the constituency had to remain unrepresented. New provisions were made which prevented the recurrence of that state of things; but there are idle and selfish men in every large body, and plenty of men get into parliament and fail to take much further notice of the assembly. I remember meeting a young member of Parliament of aristocratic family in a public park; he had not put his foot in the Chamber for two or three years. He asked me with a smile if the old ship was still going! But this, as I have said, is exceptional. I have known men travel three or four days, sometimes a week or end, in order to record a vote. Sometimes it was quite common in the old days for a man in the middle of a cure at Carlisbad or Marienbad to rush off at his whip's appeal. I have seen men frequently brought into the House on chairs, because they were too ill to come to vote; and some of them have then had to be wheeled back to the nursing home, and some died within a few hours of this last effort to discharge their duties, on account of the excitement. It is to me a subject of constant wonder and admiration to see a number of men with large fortunes, comfortable homes and great businesses, who travel regularly every week-end backwards and forward to their cities rather than lose a single division. I remember during the Home Rule struggle that a member confined to bed during an important by-election in his own constituency wrote to me that he would come up to cast a vote for Home Rule even though he had to be brought there on a stretcher.

The Coalition Ministry has changed all this. In the first place nobody now can be got to realize that the Ministry is ever in danger. They take it for granted that as their opponents are few and far between and as the main bulk of the rank and file of both parties are equally interested in maintaining the Government in power, a division that will put them out of office must be regarded as a creation or a bogey of the active imagination of whips. People, besides, have got accustomed to the much saner and healthier hours which the Coalition and the war have brought into the House of Commons. During the first six years I was a member of the House I was always quite satisfied if I got to bed at 4 o'clock. Nowadays, it is rarely that the House sits beyond 8 or 9. In old days the dining rooms of the House of Commons used to contain a fair number of men; nowadays most men think it a grievance if they cannot take dinner at home. This relaxation of habit and of discipline has come simultaneously with a growing lack of confidence in the Government. I do not propose to discuss whether this lack of confidence is well founded or not. Any Ministry in war time that does not bring big and prompt victories becomes discredited. An unsuccessful battle or a bad defeat in the field has more influence on the votes of the Chamber now than a speech or any political consideration, and these are things that after all Ministries cannot control. It may be that the turn of the tide which has come on all the frosts may help to restore the prestige of the Ministers within the next month or two, but for the moment undoubtedly their stock is very low. They are held accountable for any little mishap or any grievance. Conscripted, of course, has brought a plentiful crop of these grievances, because it is impossible to toothcomb a whole nation without inflicting many grievances and committing many mistakes.

For instance, numberless cases of men hopelessly unfit by the state of their health for active service have been dragged from their work and undergone great suffering. Sometimes a man is summoned away from the seaside or the country where he is staying with his wife and children, only to be told when he reports himself to the military authorities that there is a mistake and what is wanted is another man of the same name. This brings me back again to the whips' department. They find it now almost impossible to get members of Parliament back to the old habits of punctuality and discipline. Members will insist on going home to dinner and equally insist on not returning. Attendance at the House of Commons, after 8 or 9, is going down to vanishing point. There is scarcely a night between 9 and 10, when the House sits so late, that the Government could not be defeated.

THE MEXICAN COMMISSION

At last the Mexican Commission has been appointed, three Mexicans and three Americans. As was to be expected the former are radicals of the most pronounced type, and the latter, strange to say, are Protestants, one of them a militant evangelist. Three radicals, two mild-mannered Protestants and an evangelist are to sit in judgment upon affairs that intimately concern the Catholic Church to which over 90% of the Mexicans profess allegiance. This is perhaps the most remarkable phase of the whole Mexican problem more striking in many ways than the arming of brutal, vengeance and those other lust passions which ultimately

found vent in blasphemy and rape and murder and the desecration of holy places and things. Time alone will reveal the motives that led to these extraordinary appointments; at present one thing only is certain, the "gates of hell" shall not prevail against the Church.—America.

LETTER FROM CHINA

Church of Our Lady of the Rosary. Dear Friends,—The town of Sinkomen and surrounding villages have a Catholic population of over a thousand but no church yet. Just opposite, a few miles distant, is the Island of Pootoo, the Rome, if I may so speak, of pagan China, the great citadel where paganism profligates at the feet of the devil the homage and incense of its worshippers. There are three hundred temples on the island, some of which are really magnificent and all built in the most delightful situations, some on the sea shore, others on the slopes of the mountains or in verdant valleys. More than a thousand two hundred pagan priests are in charge of them, perform their pagan rites therein and minister to the pilgrims who come in tens of thousands from all parts of China. Nothing is more sad and yet more striking than this beautiful island given up to such excessive idolatry, especially on the occasions of the great pilgrimages. The countless vessels that convey the pilgrims are decorated with a thousand flags of various shapes and colors and at night prettily illuminated. Myriads of floating lights cover the water and are carried far out to sea on the receding tide. Volley after volley of fire-crackers, whole bunches at a time, are discharged, whilst the devout pilgrims approach chanting prayers to their false gods. The temples are filled with worshippers. One temple is visited after another and in each the same prayers, prostrations and burning of incense is repeated. Some of the pilgrims, dressed in red, wearing chains about their necks like criminals and covered with inscriptions that express their petitions, crimes or promises, have come from a great distance to fulfil vows made in some great danger or affliction. Others are busy buying the merits of the pagans priests. These latter inscribe their prayers on sheets of paper, stamp them with various seals and sell them at a good price. Great quantities of imitation money are burnt and supposed to be changed into real money in the other world for the relief of the departed. These superstitions are more specially multiplied before the Chinese favorite idol Kwan-Ing, "the goddess with a thousand eyes to watch over men and a thousand hands to help them." Satan's poor counterfeit of our own dear Queen and Mistress of Heaven and earth who not only has a thousand eyes and hands to protect her children but also a thousand hearts to love and bless them. And again it is during the third moon, which corresponds nearly with our sweet month of Mary, that the pilgrims are more numerous and these gross superstitions a thousand times renewed in honor of the devil. Alas! how much for Satan how little for God! How much for the false goddess, how little for our dear Virgin Queen! Not a solitary church for miles and miles around though a thousand pious Christians are badly in need of one. They desire to erect in honor of Our Lady of the most Holy Rosary to whom they are very devoted saying the rosary every day. They are persuaded that Our Lady will crush the head of the devil who reigns supreme in the island opposite. Who knows but that this sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin may in time become a place of pilgrimage for our converts throughout the province; perhaps even the means of drawing away the pagans from their false worship in the island near by. It is also the ardent desire of our bishop and priests to see a shrine erected to our Lady on this spot, feeling sure that that would do more than anything else to overthrow paganism in Pootoo its fountainhead. When a missionary visits this citadel of the devil he feels sad and discouraged when he beholds the sight offered by this unfortunate island, gazing at those rich temples, counting the swarms of pagan priests and the legions of poor dupes prostrated at the feet of gods of wood and stone. I felt so myself when I went there. Yet to be discouraged is not becoming of a missionary. But could he alone and without means undertake to struggle with such a foe, expel the pagan priests who defile the island, turn into churches all those fine temples and bring to the feet of God these pilgrims who know Him not? Certainly no missionary would aspire to do so much, and yet a beginning must be made, and no better nor surer means could be adapted than erect a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin on the opposite shore. To build it on the island of Pootoo itself is out of the question as the whole island belongs to the pagan priests having been given to them hundreds of years ago by the Emperor of China. The Christians of Sinkomen are too poor to expect anything from them towards the erection of this church. To earn a living they must man small fishing boats and at the peril of their lives put out to sea even when the waves are mountains high. Then when the fish are caught they have to go very far to sell them. Others make salt, but can only sell it after paying a heavy duty which carries off half their profit. A number of them are farmers who lead a very

laborious life and dwell in miserable huts where cattle and fowl pass the night in the same room with them. May the desire of our bishop, of the missionaries and faithful of Sinkomen be realized. May a church dedicated to Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary be speedily erected and may it draw the attention of the thousands of pagan pilgrims who will pass close by on their voyage to Pootoo and be to them a beacon to lead them away from the gates of hell into the port of salvation. If I succeed in getting enough to build the church the bishop intends to arrange pilgrimages of Christians and display all the pomp in our power to offset and counteract those of the pagans. Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER, Taichowfu, China.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

A SECULAR DAILY'S EULOGY OF HIM The Cleveland Leader, July 30, 1916

"Cardinal Gibbons is held by Americans generally in affectionate admiration and profound respect. He is venerated not alone as an exalted dignitary of a great church but as well as a man distinguished for great wisdom, goodness and public spirit. Americans have become accustomed to receiving from this Cardinal, when public questions demand right decision, advice characterized by both common sense and far-sighted perception. This advice, as many have noted, stands the test of time and is proved correct by events. "If it can be said of any living man, it can be said of Cardinal Gibbons that his words to his fellow citizens are comparable in authority to the counsels of an old and affectionate friend, left to us by General Washington. "So it was no more than natural that, upon reading the other day that Baltimore's famous cardinal had celebrated the eighty-second anniversary of his birth, millions of Americans should rejoice in the assurance that the day found him in fine spirits and excellent health and should look with keen interest for any message he might have sent them. They were not disappointed. "Cardinal Gibbons said universal military training in the United States would 'keep the nation at peace with the world' and would be 'the best possible thing for America.' He added: 'Order is the first law of heaven and order comes from authority and obedience.' "The fanatic few who urge that, with war raging all about her, our country not only can with safety neglect the means of defending herself but should do so as an example to other countries have so often made use of religion's appeal to bolster their advocacy of Chinese non-resistance that it seems odd to hear heaven cited in support of a contrary view. Yet even the anti-armament zealots among the clergy, whatever their sect, must admit that the aged prelate who advocates universal military training knows as much about heaven as any of them and more about this earth than most of them. "This message from a man so old so wise and so good, so justly revered by so many citizens of his native land, cannot fail to carry great weight. It commands belief. It is significant that, as General Washington said more than a century ago, 'A free people needs to be not only armed but disciplined.' Cardinal Gibbons tells us now, 'Order comes from authority and obedience.'"

TEARS

The tears that trickled down our eyes, They do not touch the earth today; But soar like angels to the skies, And, like the angels, may not die; For ah! our immortality Flows thro' each tear—sounds in each sigh. What waves of tears surge o'er the deep Of sorrow in our restless souls! And they are strong, not weak, who weep. Those drops from out the sea that rolls Within their hearts forevermore, Without a depth—without a shore. But ah! the tears that are not wept, The tears that never outward fall; The tears that grief for years has kept Within us—they are best of all: The tears our eyes shall never know, Are dearer than the tears that flow. Each night upon earth's flowers below, The dew comes down from darkest skies, And every night our tears of woe Go up like dew to Paradise. To keep in bloom, and make more fair, The flowers of crowns we yet shall wear. For ah! the surest way to God Is up the lonely streams of tears, That flow when bending 'neath His rod, And fill the tide of earthly years. On laughter's billows hearts are tossed, On waves of tears no heart is lost. Flow on, ye tears! and bear me home; Flow not ye tears of deeper woe; Flow on, ye tears! that are but foam Of deeper waters that will not flow. A little while—I reach the shore Where tears flow not forevermore! —ABRAHAM J. RYAN

ARCHBISHOP SPALDING

Archbishop John Lancaster Spalding, who died at Peoria, Ill., August 25, was one of the most widely known of all American prelates. He was descended from a family conspicuous in the annals of the Church from the days of the Middle Ages, when Spalding Abbey was founded in Lincolnshire, England. His writings and his interest in public events made of him a national figure. In 1902 he was appointed a member of the anthracite coal-strike commission by President Roosevelt. Though the two men had never met each other, it was said that the then President had been attracted to Bishop Spalding by the intense patriotism expressed in his writings. The future Archbishop was born in Lebanon, Ky., June 2, 1840. He studied at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, at Louvain in Belgium, and at the American College in Rome. Only a few months after his ordination he was chosen by Archbishop Blanchet as his theologian at the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore. At his own request he later took charge of the work of founding a church for negroes in Louisville, Ky., and served as its pastor. When the death of his uncle, Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore, occurred, Father Spalding took up his residence in New York and there wrote his first book, "The Life of Most Rev. M. J. Spalding, Archbishop." He remained in New York City until May, 1877, when he was consecrated first Bishop of Peoria. His small diocese soon grew into a large and powerful see, which he ruled with success until illness induced him to resign his bishopric in 1908. The following year he was created titular Archbishop of Scyopolis. The dead prelate lived a busy life. He was intimately connected with

the founding of the Catholic University at Washington, and interested in social and educational movements. He wrote many volumes of prose and poetry, and the late Edmund Clarence Stedman referred to him as "one of the most refined and imaginative of latter-day meditative poets."—America.

CARDINAL BOURNE

CALLS FOR MORE PRAYER

In a recent pastoral letter Cardinal Bourne of Westminster referred as follows to the present crisis in the world's history and the need of prayer—as a help to the solution of the problem now before mankind: "The great issues still at stake throughout the world, dear children in Jesus Christ, call insistently for our continued supplications before the throne of God. There are those who tell us that men are praying less, and thinking less of God, than they did in the first months that followed the outbreak of the war. We do not know if this be true of our country generally; we have no accurate means of judging if it be true of Catholics. There can be no doubt, however, as to the urgent need of constant and repeated prayer. The issues depend, ultimately, on God alone, and we have no promise of His help and protection except in answer to our prayers. The days pass, and sorrow succeeds to sorrow and some new anxiety follows on the many that have gone before. Turn, then, with confidence to God through the intercession and under the guidance of her who by her life-long anxieties and unsurpassed compassion was privileged to share as no other creature can ever do, in the all-atoning sacrifice of her Divine Son. She gave to Him all that creature could give, as He bestowed upon her gifts transcending all other gifts that He gave to creature. Ask her by the unexampled sorrows of her Immaculate Heart, and by her spotless Purity, to show us the way to profit by the immense cross that God has allowed to come upon the world, to unite all our sufferings small and great to those of Jesus Crucified, and to draw down upon ourselves and upon the whole earth the peace of God which the world can not give, to be found only in full and entire acceptance of His most Holy Will. We want to all those who, with this intention, shall devoutly say, 'Sorrowful and Immaculate Heart of Mary, pray for us,' an indulgence of one hundred days for each such prayer. May Our Divine Master hear and help us."—Sacred Heart Review.

return, that the poor child put them all to silence. How? Not, of course, by any train of arguments, or refined theological disquisition but merely by knowing and understanding the answers in his Catechism."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CLERGY OF FRANCE AND THE WAR

Charles Bausan, in the September Catholic World

In spite of its oftentimes hostile government, in spite of much evidence to the contrary, France has never ceased to be a Catholic nation; but because of its foremost position since the Reformation it has been the seat of the religious war of the world. Following upon Protestantism came the attack of the philosophers; and, ever since, the war against Catholicism has continued, till towards the end of the nineteenth century it took the form of anti-clericalism. If in certain intellectual circles the teachings of Kant and Nietzsche poisoned the minds and wills of many, the principal adversaries of Catholicism throughout the country did not wage their war in the region of ideas; they did not seek directly to root out Christianity by intellectual difficulties, they sought to suppress it; to abolish it as a public worship; to wipe out the clergy. They did not attack religion; they attacked "the curés." Their whole plan of campaign, deliberately planned and faithfully adhered to, was to put the priest and the nation in opposition; to separate them; to make the latter hate the former. These tactics employed, as a seemingly secure basis for attack, a sentiment deeply imbedded in the heart of France, at least since the Revolution, and to which that heart was most susceptible, namely, the sentiment of equality.

The French citizen wishes nothing but equality. Precisely because of his character and the sacred office which he exercises, the priest is a superior. He commands it in truth, in the name of Christ; but he commands, "Our master is our enemy," said La Fontaine. The anti-clericals exploit this pride of equality in order to make the priest a suspect or unpopular, and to persuade the laborer and the peasant that the priest aims to extend his spiritual authority into the domain of the temporal. They picture the bugbear of "a government of curés." To listen to them one would suppose that nobody but themselves respected liberty of conscience, and that all they wished was to defend the State against the encroachments of the Church.

It was under this pretext of equality that compulsory military service was imposed upon priests. Through the claim of preserving the independence of the civil power, the separation by law of Church and State was effected. In the thought of the anti-clericals, and of many who allowed themselves to be contaminated by it, the priest was a citizen who wished to fly from the common nest. It was necessary to defy him, if one wished to remain free, for he was not "as the others." Such was the view that many Frenchmen who were not practical Catholics had, little by little, accustomed themselves to take of the priest; then came the clarion call sounding the mobilization of the army. At that solemn moment it became very evident to all that the priest was like others. He was a Frenchman with Frenchmen. Never was anything proved more clearly. All the prejudice that had been aroused against him suddenly fell to pieces. Those who of old would not even salute, now applauded him. "At the North station," says Le Journal de Genève, "some reservists were leaving Paris. Two soutanes appeared in the crowd. At once a soldier went up to one of the priests and said: 'To-day you and I are brothers.'"

In the month of October, 1914, before the combat, only two steps from the battlefield, a priest flag-bearer gave absolute to the men of his regiment, section by section. The men all knelt and recited the act of contrition, while the soldier-priest, his left hand resting on the flag, raised his right to give absolute. When, on the morrow of the cataclysm that is shaking the earth, the impartial historian will have carefully studied the character of the Great War and its consequences from the religious point of view, it is in this synthetic attitude, where patriotic duty and the sacred ministry are found closely united, that he will have to consider the French priest. It is here that history must take its picture of him and transmit it for the study and the gratitude of future generations.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Dec. 11, 1915. Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

It may be a little surprise to you to learn that it takes \$100 a week to keep my mission going. I am glad when I see that amount contributed in the RECORD, but when it is less I am sad to see my little reserve sum diminished and the catastrophe arriving when I must close my chapels, discharge my catechists and reduce my expenses to the few dollars coming in weekly. I beseech you to make one more supreme effort during 1916 to keep this mission on its feet. You will be surprised to learn what a great deal I am doing with \$100 a week—keeping myself and curate, 30 catechists, 7 chapels, and free schools, 3 churches in different cities with caretakers, supporting two big catechumenates of men, women and children during their preparation for baptism and building a church every year.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary, J. M. FRASER.

Table listing names and amounts: Previously acknowledged... \$7,720 00; Master F. Harrington, Cobalt... 1 00; Mrs. Jas. Moran, Oil Springs... 1 00; J. C... 5 00; Friend from Dunvegan... 1 00; A Reader, Kamptville... 5 00; In memory of Sister, Nfld... 2 00; A Friend, Ottawa... 5 00; In memory of a deceased friend... 1 00; Intention of Pte. F. Golden, Overseas... 1 00; K. B. Bridgewater... 5 00; J. A. McCarville, Newton... 8 00

THE THORNTON-SMITH CO.

Mural Painting and Church Decorating

11 King St. W. Toronto

The writer neglected to point out, however, what it was that made the Englishmen of the fifteenth century, say, through their Catholics even when services were not taking place. But every Catholic understands what the attraction was. It was not merely the graceful Gothic architecture of the Ministers or their glowing windows that drew the worshippers but it was the Real Presence of Our Blessed Lord, as God and Man, in the Holy Eucharist which was of course reserved in the tabernacle of each of the Cathedrals. That was what then made England's Ministers such desirable places to pray in. But since the lamentable day when the Blessed Sacrament was removed for the last time from those tabernacles, the Catholics have become at best only splendid mausoleums, for in losing the Real Presence the religion of the English people lost its soul.—America.

AN ENGLISH WAYSIDE CROSS

The Very Rev. Prior Hugh Pope, O. P., writes as follows from the Dominican priory, Woodchester, Gloucestershire, England to the Catholic Universe, London. "May I, through your columns' draw the attention of Catholics to the wayside cross which we are erecting at the foot of Monastery Hill? The neighborhood was until the war drove some much-needed lessons home—exceedingly anti-Catholic. The erection of a wayside crucifix would, in the pre-war days which seem so long ago, have provoked a storm of indignant protest, and it is hardly likely that the Sacred Figure would have long survived. Hooligans would have wrecked it. Now all is changed, and the only opponents are the local clergy, whose protests have signally failed, perhaps by reason of their vindictive tone and the unmistakable jealousy which characterized them. A sermon on the subject was preached in the street of Stroud recently, and when the preacher remarked that he hoped that all who passed that way would salute the Crucifix by raising their hats, and that the sight of that Figure of suffering would evoke many acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition, he was greeted with applause. The only man who protested was vigorously denounced as 'having no religion at all!'"

"We are erecting a Crucifix, then, which will, we trust, be worthy of the site and the occasion, both as a work of art and as an incentive to a devotion. The cross will stand in a rocky knoll into the four sides of which will be let stone panels, on which will be carved, by request, and irrespective of creed, the names of those from the district who have given up their lives in the war. It will dominate the high road for a considerable distance either way, and will form a striking landmark. Rich and poor have contributed to its erection with enthusiasm, and non-Catholics have been as eager as Catholics."

When you do a good action, have the intention of first pleasing God, and then of giving good example to your neighbor.—St. Alphonsus.

CATHEDRALS TO PRAY IN

The London Times recently called attention to the fact that the people of England, sobered and chastened by the war, have begun to frequent in larger numbers the fine old Cathedrals of the country and that too not only when services are going on, and not merely in the spirit of sight-seers, but for purposes of private devotion, slipping in for quiet prayer at all hours of the day. The Times in warmly commending the practice remarks that it is highly gratifying to see a good old custom being restored, for in former ages the Cathedrals of England were the people's houses of prayer all through the day.

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. Remond
THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

GRATITUDE TO GOD

"And he fell down on face at His feet, giving Him thanks: and he was a Samaritan." (Luke xvii. 16.)

The very least that can be expected of any one for benefactions is a thankful appreciation. When there is no expression of this, the most disinterested even feel disappointed.

TEMPERANCE

WHAT GOOD IS WHISKEY-DRINKING?

"If alcoholic liquor did a body any good, there would be some reason to drink it," remarks the Catholic Columbian.

DO NOT JUDGE US BY THESE

"It has been said," says the Catholic Temperance Advocate, "that some temperance folks are proud of their virtue of abstinence, and make the practise of it the sole measure of the Christian life."

RECKONING WITH RUM

A thick-set, ugly looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, says an exchange, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

CATHOLIC PRESIDENT

WINS ALL CLASSES

LI YUAN-HUNG WORKS STARTLING CHANGES IN CHINA WHILE CATHOLIC CHURCH IS FLOURISHING

LI YUAN-HUNG'S accession to the Presidency has worked a wonderful change in China. The whole spirit of public life in Peking has been altered.

lics that they give so much time to reading of little value, and so little, and often none at all, to healthy spiritual reading; it is the height of stupidity on their part to give so much thought to matters of little moment, and hardly ever think of these vital concerns.

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Hupeh province in 1864, studied for six years at the Peiyang Naval College and served aboard a cruiser in the Sino-Japanese war.

REFUSED IMPERIAL HONORS

LI YUAN-HUNG sprang into national fame as commandant of the revolutionary forces at Wuchang in 1911. He was the chief leader in arranging for the Shanghai peace conference, and after the abdication of the Manchus was elected Vice-President of the republic.

LI YUAN-HUNG'S popularity with the masses was in no way diminished by his service under Yuan Shih-kai. Although he and the late President had been intimate friends for years, Li Yuan-hung absolutely refused to endorse Yuan Shih-kai's monarchical movement, and declined all imperial honors which Yuan Shih-kai attempted to heap upon him.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA

Rev. M. Kennedy, a Jesuit missionary, who has been working in China for the past thirty years, tells an absorbing story of the marvelous growth of Catholicism in that country.

The China Catholic Church reckons at present forty-seven dioceses or Vicariates-Apostolic, each under the immediate control of a Bishop, and in some cases of two, the younger or assistant Bishop helping the other when disabled by age or infirmity.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD—IN JUDEA OR JAPAN?

A Japanese satirist has come forward in a magazine for young people, published in his native country, to tell of the failure of Christianity, as he sees the case, because many Christians are now fighting against each other and causing much sorrow and suffering to the families of those who fall in the unbrotherly strife.

NEARLY TWO MILLION CONVERTS

Fifty years ago when the great missionary movement commenced, Catholic converts were but a mere handful of 800,000 souls. To-day they number close on 2,000,000 or to speak according to the latest returns of 1915, they are 1,750,675—that is, they have increased sixfold during the last fifty years.

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angel, Man. The theory of a "Light of Asia," applicable to and emblematic of Japan, has evidently been productive of some misleading ambitions in the Far East.

EDUCATIONAL WORK

Besides the conversion of pagans, the Catholic Church in China maintains numerous seminaries for the formation of the native clergy and carries on educational work in schools and colleges. The Shanghai mission, one of the most flourishing of China to-day and reckoning 228,000 converts has two seminaries, a university, two large colleges (attendance 1,175), two convents for girls (attendance 890) an observatory, a museum of natural history, an industrial school and printing press, which excite the admiration of all visitors.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE

"What are the hopes of the Catholic Church in China?" To this the reply is that they are most encouraging. The Catholic Church has behind her an uninterrupted chain of long experience; she has encountered many problems in the mission field and solved them to the best of her ability; she has battled splendidly against sin and evil, against the tangled jungle of superstitions and the deadening influence of a backward and stagnant civilization.

No other man in China is as universally beloved as Li Yuan-hung. He has always enjoyed the reputation of being absolutely honest and patriotic. Many other leaders are more forceful, more energetic and have a better grasp of public affairs.

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MORE NOTED CONVERTS

Among recent converts noted by Scannell O'Neill are: The Rev. Charles Henry Walters, an Episcopalian minister, Iowa Falls, Iowa, formerly of the Protestant Diocese of Marquette, Mich. Mr. Walters will study for the priesthood. Miss Elizabeth Irene S. Hodder, daughter of the late Rev. Alfred Hodder, pastor of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church, New York. Judge Albert C. Baker, attorney, Phoenix, Arizona; Chief Justice of Arizona, 1893-7.



The Life of a Child

is full of perils — all children love chocolate, but great care must be taken in the selection of such confectionery. Parents may rest assured that absolutely nothing but the best cocoa beans, sugar and milk are used in the manufacture of this famous, dainty confection. — Let them eat plenty.

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS A dainty Solid Chocolate

When Buying Matches, specify EDDY'S

M'Clary's Pandora makes good cooks

Is it the proper thing to ask a woman to tinker with a range? There is no reason why she should have to juggle things about the oven to keep them from burning; no reason why she should have to "coax up" a slow oven; nor why she should struggle with cranky grates.

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The Lights of 65 Years Ago

Are still doing duty in the shape of Eddy's Matches

Sixty-five years ago the first Canadian-made Matches were made at Hull, by EDDY, and since that time, for materials and striking qualities, EDDY'S have been the acknowledged best.

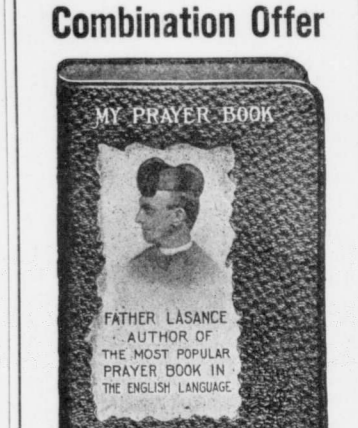
When Buying Matches, specify EDDY'S

Painful Swollen Veins Quickly Relieved and Reduced

Mrs. R. M. Remier, of Federal, Kansas, writes an interesting account of her success in reducing a severe case of enlarged veins that she became acquainted with Absorbine, Jr., and used it. Absorbine, Jr., was faithfully applied for several weeks, and to quote from her letter, "The large knots in the veins left, it was all nicely healed, and has not bothered me since."

W. F. Young, P. D. F. 299 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

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With a Rolled Gold Chain Rosary AND Rolled Gold Scapular Medal ALL FOR \$3

Prayer Book in leather binding. American Seal gold edges. Rosary—has solid rolled gold chain, with imitation stones—Garnet, Amethyst, Topaz, Crystal, Emerald, Sapphire, Opal, Jet.

If you wish to have the articles sent to different addresses you may do so. In that case, please write out your order on a separate sheet, but attach this advertisement to it.

Use This Form in Ordering THE CATHOLIC RECORD

I wish to take advantage of your Special Combination Offer, and enclose \$3, for which please send me, prepaid, Father Lasance's 'My Prayer Book' and Rolled Gold Rosary, with My Prayer Book and Rolled Gold Rosary, with My Prayer Book and Rolled Gold Rosary, and the Rolled Gold Scapular Medal.

NAME ADDRESS

A Natural and Pleasant Way to Health

TEST it for yourself! Take ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' when you are "below par" and notice how it improves your health and spirits and brightens your whole outlook on life. And it is pleasant to take, too. A spoonful of

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

in water makes a delightful drink—cool, sparkling and refreshing. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is the best tonic and digestive regulator ever prepared—a safe and valuable remedy at all times. Be prepared for emergencies by always having a bottle in the house. Ask your Druggist for ENO'S only genuine 'FRUIT SALT'—and beware of imitations!

Prepared only by J.C. ENO, Ltd., 'Fruit Salt' Works, LONDON, Eng. Sole Agents for North America HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LIMITED 18 McCaul Street, Toronto (4)

Beware of Substitutes

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE DAILY OPPORTUNITY

Every day brings every person some opportunity that will not come again. A great deal depends upon recognizing that daily chance. Those who are blind to it, miss beautiful things that could be theirs.

A FAIR TEST

The scientist teaches the Christian a needed lesson of not jumping too quickly to conclusions. When Henri Fabre, the Catholic scientist, who recently died at a ripe old age, was seeking to discover how a hunting wasp was able to render its weevil victim permanently motionless, without taking its life, he was wonderfully patient in his investigations.

Yet how often have we condemned a friend for a single act, because we have failed to compare other acts and study the motives behind the acts.

It is unscientific to lose faith in God because of one or two trials or hardships. "Bring ye the whole tith into the store-house that there may be food in My house, and prove Me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open to you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SOME SAINTS WHO LIVED IN MONASTERIES

There are a number of men and women who passed their lives within the walls of a monastery, and whose names are now enrolled on the only roll of honor that will last after Judgment Day—the Calendar of the Saints. These men and women had a true love for God and their neighbor, for it is impossible to love God without loving one's neighbor, just as it is impossible to love one's neighbor, without loving God.

One of the greatest of these cloistered saints was Teresa of Jesus. She was born in Spain and entered the Carmelite monastery at an early age. Teresa was not always a saint, but she was always very good. When her mother died she ran before a statue of the Blessed Virgin and told Our Lady that from henceforth she would consider her as her mother, and that she, Teresa, would consider herself as her child.

St. Teresa became holy through being obedient to her confessors (a proof of her humility) and through her constancy in prayer. There were times when she had to force herself to pray; when, in reality, she spent quite as much time looking at the hour-glass to see if her hour of prayer would soon be finished as she did in fixing her attention on the Lord.

St. Teresa reformed the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. She accomplished this gigantic task only

after she had, by God's grace, thoroughly reformed herself. She is considered one of the greatest of God's saints, admired by Catholic and Protestant alike. Her feast is celebrated on the 15th of October.

Another saint of the cloister is St. Colette. Nicolette she was called, but she was very little, and hence the name was shortened to that of Colette. This woman, from the time she was a very young girl, lived a life of great penance and untiring prayer, and for a while lived the life of a recluse. A recluse was a very common type of religious person during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But this time we are going to tell you about a man who, amidst the many duties of a monastery, became a great saint. St. Gerard Majella is his name, and he is truly a great saint. Gerard was born in Muro, Italy, and for a time lived as a servant to the bishop, and later as a tailor in his mother's house.

But such did not turn out to be the case. "Gerard can do as much work as three," was what his superiors declared. During the six years of his religious life Gerard worked as a lay brother. He swept the house, worked in the garden, took care of the refectory, served as cook, infirmarian, tailor and sacristan.

Gerard was given the gift of miracles. He could heal the sick, read people's consciences, but, above all, convert sinners. When he was dying he could say: "I have done everything for the love of God. I have never lost sight of Him. I have always endeavored to walk in His presence, and because I have desired nothing but His holy will, I die in peace, and well he might."

DENOUNCES SPORTIVE DRESS OF WOMEN

Some of the prevailing fashions in women's dress are disgraceful. The desire to be cool and comfortable in hot weather is legitimate but to go about improperly clothed is not legitimate. We never expected the like in a civilized Christian society. Women have overstepped the bounds of decency with a boldness that is appalling.

If the ladies of Paris knew that these advanced styles were attributed to them they would be grievously offended. Denizens of the "under-world," women accustomed to make spectacles of themselves, these are responsible for these "creations" that our ladies mimic.

The good sense that women exhibit in the affairs of life is often lacking when it comes to the selection of clothes. If a man were to venture forth arrayed only to the degree that many women do, he would be arrested and beyond a doubt it would be a woman who would clamor for the punishment of "the wretch." But no man would do such a thing.

Time was when dressing was overdone; now it is underdone. Both in the number and quantity of garments there is room for improvement. The saddest feature of all is that even Catholic women follow these abominable "modes." Some have the effrontery to appear thus arrayed not only in church, but also even at the altar! They should remember, that while in the world they should not be of the world. We fear that some have become influenced by the pernicious spirit of the times, the spirit of revolt against world-old customs and usages.

If there be anything that we loathe more than an effeminate man it is a mannish woman, the saddest spectacle on earth. Such a one is out of her proper sphere. She loses respect for herself and forfeits the esteem of

others. The modesty of deportment that is characteristic of woman gives way to a boldness in speech and conduct that is lamentable. We must be on our guard constantly lest we fall victims to the allurements of the world, and, what we gasped at last year, grasp at this year. The "independence of spirit," revolt against conventions, is the cause of the predominance of indecent fashions.

The shameless "décolleté," long confined to full dress functions, seems to have become almost universal, especially at the seashore where indecency runs riot. We thought that "mourning" was put on out of respect for the deceased and as a sign that the wearer had foresworn all forms of pleasure, but now except for color it is just the same as any other style.

There will be found many to uphold or to connive at these fashions. They are the ones who do not believe or who forget the great fact of original sin and the consequent "strong inclination to evil" in human nature. Clothes are intended to be preservatives of modesty, but he or she who dresses improperly is an occasion of sin to others. We should dress in a becoming manner and in accordance with our state in life. To do otherwise is to invite all sorts of excesses and vices.

We consider the prevailing fashions in women's dress deserving of severest strictures and cannot understand how any one can palliate their use. Of course our remarks are relative. They are addressed to those who affect them, but are also intended as a word of warning to those inclined to adopt them.

The vast majority of women, thank God, particularly Catholic women, are exemplary in this matter of dress. The modesty of their attire denotes the respect they have for themselves and the consideration they have for others. They have been carefully trained to follow the example of Her who has always been the model and inspiration of woman, Mary Immaculate, the Mother of God.—Brooklyn Tablet.

MAXIMS FROM THE WRITINGS OF MGR. BENSON

"The literary point of view is not the most important question in judging a sermon."

"Intellect has nothing more to do with faith really than jewels have to do with a beautiful woman."

"Love and Faith are as much realities as artistic faculties and need similar cultivation."

"To chivalrous souls a pathetic failure often appeals more than an excellent success."

"Do not trust all who talk smoothly. Listen much and speak little."

"To trust a friend is not to believe that he can do no wrong; we must trust no man like that; for all fall at times."

"You haven't any kind of business to say that anybody is narrow-minded just because he doesn't agree with your conception of the universe."

"Youth is a disease that must be borne with patiently."

"We all keep back lots of things. We don't shout out in the morning from our windows that we've slept very tolerably, and are just going to have our bath."

"Catholicism is the sum of all religions, and the Queen of them."

"Form small habits and make them laws!"

"The way of the spiritual path is strewn with the wrecks of souls that might have been friends of Christ."

"No man can advance three paces on the road of perfection unless Jesus Christ walks beside him."

"A girl always does learn to talk slang of just the wrong kind, ceasing to present the deportment of a lady without acquiring that of a gentleman."

"It is only the souls that do not love that go empty to this world."

"God only asks you to do your best."

"A Church that appeals merely to ancient written words can be no more at the best than an antiquarian society."—The London Universe.

OLD ANTI-CATHOLIC LIBEL IS REFUTED

Proof that Catholics are by no means as predominant in prisons as some anti-Catholics would claim, is given in The Extension Magazine, just out by the Rev. Peter A. Crumbly, O. P. M., who stopped off in Denver last Thursday morning on his way from the Pacific coast to visit relatives. Father Crumbly is chaplain of the Illinois state penitentiary, hence deals with his subject from first-hand experience. He says:

trained in parochial schools, not more than three or four having completed the eighth grade in such schools. Not one man in the penitentiary at Joliet at present was a regular monthly communicant before his arrest and commitment to the penitentiary, though some of them belonged to that class of Catholics who are satisfied if they make their Easter duty.

"These same conditions are true of other large penitentiaries throughout the country, as is shown by statistics published in their official reports. These statistics, especially if the religious denomination to which prisoners belong is stated, will lead the superficial observer, but never the scientific student, to some rash conclusions. Thus, for example, in a prison report the number of Catholic prisoners may be given as, say 100, Methodist 85, Baptist 25, etc. Using the numbers of such a report only, there would seem to be a preponderance of Catholic prisoners, but if these numbers are computed into percentages the comparison will show that the percentage of Catholic prisoners is no greater than the percentage of prisoners belonging to the various sects or claiming no religious affiliation whatever."

A FAMOUS WINDOW

GIFT OF MONARCHS OF SPAIN TO ENGLAND'S CATHOLIC KING

Treading on the heels of the news that the authorities of Venice are taking steps to protect their inestimable art treasures from damage by aircraft, comes the information that our own people are following suit, and Catholic interest will centre in the removal of the great east window of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to a place of safety, for it was the gift of the Catholic Monarchs of Spain, Ferdinand and Isabella, to the Catholic monarch of England, Henry VII., says London Universe.

The coloring is arranged in such exquisite perfection of harmony that experts in glass all agree that it is the best extant specimen in England of Flemish glass, and one of the most beautiful colored windows within their knowledge.

The central picture represents the scene on Calvary, the three figures on the crosses standing out in full beauty in the glorious blue behind them, while the masses of vivid color on the figures grouped around the central Cross are of a richness scarcely surpassable.

Prior to being set up in St. Margaret's, the window was in many ownerships, among them being the Abbots of Waltham, Sir Thomas Boleyn, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke of Albemarle (General Monk), who buried it to save it from the Puritans.

On being placed in St. Margaret's in 1758 it became the subject of litigation, the Dean of Westminster objecting to its presence because it contained "superstitious images"—to wit—the representation of the Crucifixion; but after law's delays, extending over three and a half years, the churchwardens of the parish and common sense triumphed over the narrow-minded cleric and bigotry, and the beautiful window with its "superstitious images" has remained to this day in the official church of the House of Commons.

NATURAL TO CONFESS

The Literary Digest, August 16, 1913, quoting a writer in the Western Christian Advocate, says:

"The thirst to confess, to confide, is a universal impulse of the troubled human heart. The awful secrets which men carry in their lives create a hunger for confession which gnaws out the heart of happiness. They also produce a mental atmosphere of fear, which is inimical to all mental and physical health. They keep all powers of the soul hampered under self-depreciation and self-condemnation. Faith as an expression of optimism, satisfaction, happiness, confidence, assurance, helpfulness, cheerfulness, courage, and determination becomes impossible. Fear and dread make possible the free action of pessimism, dissatisfaction, grief, anxiety, despondency, hatred, worry, moroseness, anger and vacillation. The soul life is lost in anarchy, while the physical appetites, passions, and lusts reduce it to the lowest level of earthly existence. Then it is driven by remorse into the dark recesses of secrecy, and dread watches the door lest discovery bring the sins of the life into the knowledge of men. With a delicate timidity the soul seeks opportunity for confession. This seems its only relief. Intuition teaches the progress of unburling and drives to confession. There is no relief from the rancor, darkness, bitterness, dread and scourging but through this process."

"In this age of highly developed mentality man is found struggling on the one hand, to hide his sin, and on the other, to confess it. In the conflict he is driven by pitiless forces, which play upon him at the expense of mind and nerve. Men of experience tell us that appalling conditions exist in the mental world; that if we could see the multitudes groaning under the sense of a shameful secret, it would startle us. This accounts for the increasing number of public confessions being made on the part of men who have gone wrong in political, commercial, religious, and industrial life. They are driven to confession."

FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Because They Did Her Good

ROCHESTER, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915. "I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try "Fruit-a-tives". I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with "Fruit-a-tives". I consider that I owe my life to "Fruit-a-tives" and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, constipation or headaches—try Fruit-a-tives and you will get well!" CORINE GAUDREAU. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



Clean to handle. Sold by all Drug-gists, Grocers and General Stores.

Advertisement for King Hot Water Boiler. Features include: "The fire pot in the King Boiler is constructed so as to give more access of oxygen, thus burning all gases, getting full value in heat. The water-way is closer to the fire and get more complete advantage of the fuel. This makes less fuel necessary, and that's how the King Boiler SAVES COAL. One of the things a King Boiler does is to get most heat out of least fuel, and that SAVES MONEY. STEEL AND RADIATION, LTD. Fraser Avenue TORONTO. Ambition and the glory of this world are not passports to heaven."

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It is a great folly to be willing to violate the friendship of God, rather than the law of human friendship. — St. Teresa.

Religious reading is practically the only available antidote for many against the false maxims of the world.—Cardinal Vaughan.

Advertisement for Stained Glass Memorial Windows and Leaded Lights. B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q. We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows.

Advertisement for Air-O-Lantern and Air-O-Lite. THE Air-O-Lantern Gives 300 Candle Power Light. As bright as a City Street Light. Carry it anywhere in any weather. Set it down in hay. Knock it over; quite safe, can't explode, can't start a fire. Burns 90% air and 10% gasoline. One filling burns 12 hours. The best of all lights for outdoors. Cheapest in the end. FOR INDOORS, USE Air-O-Lite Safest, Brightest, Cheapest Light. All the advantages of the Air-O-Lantern, and beauty besides. A handsome lamp for any room. Absolutely no danger of fire or explosion. Clean—no wicks to trim. Write for FREE catalogue and full details of special "direct to you" offer. Address: The Rochester Lamp Co. Dept. C, Church St. Toronto.

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A NEW BOOK BY FATHER FINN

Father Finn, "the discoverer of the American Catholic boy," whose books continue to be the most popular juveniles in our literature, is about to bring out another brilliant volume to his galaxy of successes.

Those critics to whom the manuscript of "Cupid of Campion" was submitted were unanimous in pronouncing it the most fascinating tale that has yet come from Father Finn's prolific pen; and when one considers the large number of charming stories Father Finn has written, he must realize that this new book must be very entertaining indeed.

"Cupid of Campion" breathes the healthy and thrilling air of adventure—adventure that keeps the reader in a fever of suspense to know what will happen next. And Father Finn sees it that the reader's curiosity is kept awake, too, for not until the end of the story do the tangled threads of the tale straighten out and make every one happy.

Its scenery—the upper Mississippi—and the neighborhood about Prairie du Chien, where the author spent three successive summers, has given his pen a new inspiration, and those who delight in an outdoor story will enjoy the breezy charm of Father Finn's description.

As in his other books, the author has taken care to include a goodly amount of his inimitable wit and humor—and Father Finn's humor is real, as those who have enjoyed it in the past can testify.

The entire story, however, is raised to a new plane, by a touch of romance, which additional element, handled with consummate skill, makes the book one of untold charm. There is a hero, of course, and a most lovable heroine, who is one of the most delightful persons ever placed between the covers of a book.

The price of the book, which will be published early in September will be 85 cents post-paid.

THE SUCCESS OF CHRISTIANITY

The vital difference between Materialism and Christianity is that the former can fail but cannot admit failure; the latter could admit it, but cannot fail. Hence it is that Materialism needs a scapegoat under reverses. Hence it is, too, that perhaps the greatest sign of Christianity's success to-day is the iteration of the charge that it has failed.

For in the peculiar insistence of the indictment, its appearance under a multiplicity of forms, now implicitly, now explicitly, but everywhere doggedly demanding recognition, there would seem to be a faint suggestion of another failure and an attempt to cover it before the world, a last play, as it were, to the galleries to distract, to dazzle at any cost, to keep the stage with the secret of the breakdown known only to those behind the scenes.

In much the same position, a Roman Emperor found himself many centuries ago. The deification with which Rome had vested her emperors, the seemingly limitless, potential empire embodied in myriad breastplates and Roman swords, were enough to have shortened life's perspective for any man. Julian the Apostate, in consequence, indomitable and imperious even by nature, had flung down the gauntlet to Christ, had become incidentally the exponent of a system that could fail but could not admit it. During his reign he had tried to make good his defiance; it seemed that he had won. Still so utter was his defeat at the struggle's close that he was forced to bear witness against himself, to cry out with the consciousness of the victor's might. Yet exhorted though his cry was, bitter though it was and pitiful in a certain mingling of bluster with chagrin, it had this to recommend it: it was honest. Here there was no attempt to hide failure, Julian a Materialist, if you will, during the struggle, at its close deserted and committing the unpardonable sin against Materialism, the admitting of failure, died with the words of his new apostasy on his lips: "Galilean Thou hast conquered." This story, discredited by many scholars, may or may not be true, but it contains a lesson too valuable to be lost.

Its truth supposed, it is now some years since our own world likewise hurled the gage to Christ. The break has come. Materialism has failed. Where is Julian's honesty? Imitators of him in losing life's perspective, why do not modern Materialists as frankly leave the stage?

That Materialism has failed, who will deny, granted its predominance during the last few decades in the political and social life of the world? And to whom, if we omit the Materialist himself, is it necessary to prove that Materialism really has been in power, that not only modern practice, but modern theory and

ideals, have simply taken for granted in many of life's most vital relations, the truth of this cross creed? Who that has watched the drift turned up by the present conflict, can doubt what it is that has been wrecked?

In books and pamphlets or wherever else man's moral relations have been touched, the clumsy fingers of Materialism have been evident. Nor is the evidence to be found so much in what is said, though that is damaging enough, as in the bewilderment when the catastrophe came, the utter inability to find consistent first principles, the wild scurrying for the cover of excuse, and then the gradual rediscovery and naive but warped presentation of things which every one knew before religion left the cabinet and the schoolroom.

The evidence is not so much the inferential Materialism, of asking, as one journal did, "What is a Christian?" and getting answers that for the most part could have come from non-Christian alone. It is not the crassness of an atmosphere which makes possible even one hour's existence for birth-controlists or eugenicists; but the evidence is preeminently in the hopeless confusion of facts such as these: that the identical "time-spirit" which begets the birth-controlist and justifies the lynch-mob should likewise beget legislatures that invade individual right; that while birth-controlists chafe against even the natural law in a clamor for untrammeled indulgence, positive law should be permitted to say what men may drink or how men may educate their children; that in a word, the "time-spirit" confronts us with the economic curio of paternalism in government, going arm in arm with wilder, fiercer cries for license in the governed.

Or again, to exemplify this "spirit" not as acting but as philosophizing, when the break came there was the discovery of the old Christian idea that nations are bound by the moral law even in the absence of a temporal sanction. When repositioned by the war, the contrary idea was found unworkable, a cardinal crime in a Materialistic philosophy. Then came the attempt to give consistently the principle's genesis, and Materialism forced by the pressure of events to deny that "might makes right," unable at the same time to admit a spiritual sanction for the natural law, finds no happier solution of the difficulty than, v. g., "Our ethics must be revised to fit the needs of our progress." As though the natural law were mutable and the principles of morality pragmatic and cabined in time; or being such, and there's the rub, as though an arm as short as is time's could stay the awakened passion of a nation and by threat or promise, abolish human sacrifice to "progress."

Where is the value of the law if you strip it of its obligation? Where is the obligation of natural international law to-day, if you strip it of a spiritual sanction?

Now Christianity could never have produced such chaos as this. I doubt whether even the Materialist himself would say that a religion which has mothered the most highly systematized philosophy the world has known could be guilty of not knowing and not harmonizing its own first principles. No, if only because of this confusion, not Christianity but the "isms" have been in power, and the "isms," not Christianity, have failed. For forty years the Materialist has stood at the elbow of the modern world teaching men to meditate on man as an end, until men have lost their perspective as truly as Julian did, and placed their whole empire, yea their whole faith, in the glitter of gold or in the ring and whir of steel. Why, then, the question recurs, when the breath has come, comes there not also the cry, "Galilean, Thou hast conquered?"

The answer, perhaps, is in this: Such frankness would be for the Materialist not only to admit his own failure and the non-failure of Christianity, but the more unbearable thesis of Christianity's complete success. It would be to concede that in civilization's most recent disgrace, the principles of Christianity have been vindicated as indispensable, if human conduct is to make for human happiness, that men with man for an end cannot avert disaster; that mere human endeavor, whether it take the form of eugenics or high armament instead of making for civilization, makes against it; that international law is powerless unless a sanction be given it higher than force or armies; that international morality is nil, when the Hague pact rests on nothing more endurable than the "myth" of the race; that the moral life of individuals cannot be regulated by hygiene, or a just nation spring from an atheist-schoolroom. In a word, it would be to concede that a conscience is necessary both in nations and individuals; that divorce between the orders of right and morality is betrotal of right to might, and that when all is said and done, no conduct of human life is

possible without the sanction of a world which, because transcending the material is precisely the more powerful in obligating rational animals.

It is because Christianity supplies at least this that she cannot fail. It is because Materialism neglects it that its failure is certain. Because of this appeal to a world unseen, Christianity could admit failure, seeing as she would in each reserve the triumphant failure of Calvary. Because Materialism denies such an appeal, "failure" is for her an unutterable word. She has risked all in the complex of good terminating this side the grave. Beyond this she cannot call. Success for her means the quiescence of all human endeavor in what is sweet or pleasant, in what is powerful or stupendous or vast. This, her fetish, is also her law, nor can she offer, other than the loss or gain of temporal bliss, any penalty or reward. Hence it is that in the supreme test of any system regulating human happiness, the government of man's moral relations and the harmonizing of all life's issues, she is a failure. For, eschewing pain, she has left no room for hope. But the man in the trenches torn by a shell or choking with gas must have hope and so decides that Materialism must go. Misery and hope he can accept, but not misery and Materialism. No wonder that Materialism cannot admit failure. No wonder it needs a scapegoat; for this is Christ, driven these many years from "army and navy" and schoolroom, dragged again before the world's eyes. Those eyes must not see that the gage has not been recovered, or more properly, men must not realize that it was ever flung down, nor know what it is that has failed. Christ's answer to "What is a Christian?" men must not understand, though it is illustrated by the priests of the battlefield, nor must men see in the wholesale turning to God throughout the stricken lands, how great is Christianity's success. To all this the world must be blinded, so that when the struggle is over, men may be set thinking again on man as an end; thus the Materialist in securer domination can shorten once more life's perspective to "progress."

There would seem to be no doubt that this will come. History has no sadder comment on human fickleness than the decrease of "isms" during a scourge and their corresponding increase when the danger is over. No man dies a Materialist any more than he dies a simple atheist. Men die Theists, cursing or blessing God. Hence it would seem that since Materialists still cling to their creed, Materialism is not dead. And the lugubrious corollary must be faced that Materialism can concede a failure better than Christianity can manifest a success. But the fault is not Christianity's. There are "eyes that see not," and while there are Materialism can live. For these it striving to keep the stage today. Because Christians congregate and Materialism has failed, because Christ need not admit failure and Materialism dare not. "The failure of Christianity" is heard where Julian the Apostate would be credited with saying, "Galilean, Thou hast conquered."—George D. Bull, S. J., in America.

DEATH OF REV. CANON CORKERY, ALMONTE

Ottawa Evening Journal, Aug. 21  
Pakenham, Aug. 21.—Very Rev. Canon Corkery, pastor of Pakenham and Fitzroy parishes during many years, died here yesterday in his seventy-second year. He was one of the most widely known Catholic priests in this district, and his death is keenly regretted by all classes and denominations. The Anglican minister and the pastors of other denominations here, Archbishop Gauthier of Ottawa, Bishop McNally of Calgary, Mr. D. Grace of Ottawa, who is a relative; Rev. Frank Corkery, his nephew, who was pastor at the Blessed Sacrament church in Ottawa after Father O'Gorman's death to the war, were some of the callers at the rectory, and placed their whole empire, yea their whole faith, in the glitter of gold or in the ring and whir of steel. Why, then, the question recurs, when the breath has come, comes there not also the cry, "Galilean, Thou hast conquered?"

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cherish such distrust and enmity passes the comprehension of any one not able to qualify as an "insanity expert." The religious bigot in politics is the most anti-social creature in this country. He is a promoter of social discord and anarchy and to the extent that promotion of disturbance of the peace is a criminal, such a dissensionist is a criminal.

HOW A COLORED CATHOLIC SOLDIER DIED IN FRANCE

A PATHETIC STORY WHICH APPEARED IN A METHODIST PAPER

The following story of the death of a Colored Catholic soldier, "somewhere in France," was written on the back of a picture of "Mademoiselle Miss," the girl of whose letter he recently appeared in the Methodist Review:

"We called him 'La Blanchette.' He was a good Catholic and a brave fighter and he'd come from the sunny shores of Guadeloupe to die for France. When they amputated they didn't look to see that there was a ball in the back, and it was that that killed him. I found it out when I took Pavillon V, but then it was too late. Every day the fever burned higher, and every day the black cheeks grew thinner, but he always kept crying, 'Ca va bien,' in sweet, caressing tones that recalled early lullabies; never a murmur, always a smile. The last day our faithful priest confessed him—he knew just enough French for that—and it was moonlight when he went, one of us kneeling either side. After Extreme Unction he pressed my hand and suddenly a marvellous change passed over his face, as if it had grown white and luminous. 'Maman! he murmured; 'Louis, then fainter and sweeter, 'O mon Dieu!' and it was over and nothing remained but a radiating smile. I went to lay him away among the heroes, and if ever I doubted how to die my black peerfisher from Guadeloupe has shown me the way.—Catholic Standard and Times.

CUTTING TRUTH IN TWO

Edmund T. Shanahan, S. T. D., in the September Catholic World

In the Church of Santa Catarina at Pisa, there is a fresco which so graphically represents the encounter between the Christian philosophy and the Arabic, that we may well pause for a moment to describe it before proceeding further with our tale. It was spread upon the walls in the fourteenth century by Francesco Traini, one of the most noted disciples of Oragna. In the centre of the picture stands St. Thomas, with "Summa Contra Gentiles" held open on his breast. On his right is Aristotle, with the Ethics, and on his left Plato, with the Timaeus, both so held that Aquinas may read their contents. In semi-circles above this central group are Moses and the prophets, with the four Evangelists beside. Highest of all the Christ is depicted, a nimbus of angels surrounding the gentle Nazarene; while lowest down, and beneath the feet of Aquinas, Averroës lies prostrate, clutching his great commentary on Aristotle, and for all the world appearing as some unhorsed cavalier of the lists. Rays of light are reflected from the pages of Aristotle, Plato, and the Sacred Writers, and made to converge on the open pages of the Summa of St. Thomas, whence they are in turn refracted against Averroës, to the apparent discomfiture of the latter who shields his eyes with his hand. The one place on earth wherein Christ lives, is the one place on earth wherein men and women are equal.

The one place on earth admittance to which is never denied anyone, sinner or saint.

The one place on earth wherein man, no matter how sinful, can find the way to God.

The one place on earth where the fallen and abandoned are heard with pity and consideration.

The one place on earth wherein the humblest in life can reach the greatest height—namely, communion with God Almighty here below and repose in His bosom hereafter.

No wonder men are transformed by the Catholic faith!

No wonder we can laugh to scorn our enemies! The worst they can do does not terrify, for even life itself we would gladly give to Christ to save us, as He gave up His own life for us.

The Catholic Church—not any Catholic Church—not any church.

One church is not as good as another. We know absolutely, for Christ Himself said so.

The Catholic Church was Christ's Church; it was Peter's Church, and it is our Church: one, holy, Catholic and apostolic.—Intermountain Catholic.

BEATIFICATION FOR FATHER JOGUES

CAUSE FORMALLY ADMITTED BEFORE THE CONGREGATION OF RITES

It is deemed probable that Father Isaac Jogues, tortured and put to death by the Indians in 1632 at Auriesville, N. Y., will be beatified within a reasonably short time.

This is indicated by a cable message received a few days ago by the Rev. John J. Wynne, S. J., editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, from the Rev. Charles Mackey, S. J., of the Gregorian University, Rome. The message announces that the cause of beatification of Father Jogues has been introduced before the Congregation of Rites for definite consideration and settlement.

Although the death of Father Jogues at the hands of the Mohawk Indians occurred in 1632 on the site of the present village of Auriesville, the process of having him declared a martyr, and worthy of the veneration of all who hold the Christian faith, was not actually begun until the year 1908. Documents and evidence had been studied by churchly scholars interested in his work and the work of Brebeuf, Lalemant and Garnier,

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other missionaries put to death by the Iroquois in Canada. This material was laid before a tribunal in Quebec, which was headed by the present Cardinal Bégin. The Rev. Arthur Jones, of Montreal; the Rev. Daniel Lowery, of the Albany Diocese, in which Father Jogues was martyred; the Rev. T. J. Campbell and the Rev. Father Wynne, of New York, all of whom had been students of the early history of the Church in America, were witnesses before the tribunal.

The evidence was submitted to the proper authorities at Rome, where it was threshed over according to the time hallowed method of selecting advocates for the canonization and a devil's advocate to oppose it in every way possible.

This part of the process is so thorough and searching that the consent of the advocates on both sides to the formal introductions of the cause before the Congregation of Rites is usually equivalent to the declaration that the persons involved led saintly lives, doing great service for religion, and in this instance shedding their blood for it.

How long the Congregation of Rites may require before declaring these martyrs beatified and deserving of veneration it is impossible to say, though there is no reason why there should be any serious delay. In canonizing such men the Church will only be approving a universal sentiment in favor of their veneration which exists not only among Catholics, but among Protestants.

A curious bit of evidence brought out at the hearing in Quebec was that a Protestant clergyman had gone so far in his veneration of Father Jogues as to place a stained glass effigy of him in his church.

Among those who took a principal part in locating the site of the Jogues martyrdom and in tracing testimony from the customs of the Mohawk families to prove that they killed him out of enmity to religion, was the late General Clark, of Auburn, who, though not a Catholic, was most devoutly impressed by the life and sufferings of Jogues.

There is a shrine in honor of the missionary at Auriesville on the site where the Mohawks put him to death. The Rev. John J. Scully, S. J., is in charge of it and is the one who is looking after the process of Father Jogues' beatification in America.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED

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A NOBLE TRIBUTE

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There is no obedience in Christianity except obedience to the authority of God.

DIED  
CASTELLO.—At her home near Downeyville, Township of Emily, on Sunday, August 20, 1916, Mrs. Mary Castello. May her soul rest in peace.

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